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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

All for Love; or, the Sinner well Saved: and The Pilgrim to Compostella; or, a Legend of a Cock and a Hen. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate, &c. 12mo. pp. 220. London, 1829. Murray.

It is bold in the Laureate to publish two poems on the old head of superstitious tradition ecclesiastical at this particular time of this particular year: yet we must confess that "old Robin Gray" (as he calls himself in his introduction to the *Pilgrim to Compostella*) has

"Loosed his pack and waled a sang,
A ballad of the best."

not, indeed, in the *Pilgrim* aforesaid, but in the *All for Love*, or a *Sinner well Saved*. This ballad is founded on an old legend of the Greek church, which may be thus summed up. A youth, by name Eleemon, fell in love with his master's daughter, Cyra, and long essayed to win the consent of the father to certain proceedings nowise disagreeable in the view of the fair damsel herself. Eleemon prayed to virgin, and saint, and martyr, and in vain: he then turned to the heathen authorities, not as yet quite exploded in Cappadocia, and with equal ill success besought the aid of what one of our Cockney bards calls "Apollo, and Mercurius, and the rest." There remained one chance more—namely, the *old gentlemen*, as he is generally denominated in polite society, *alias*

"Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Close under hatches," &c.

Eleemon accordingly goes to the devil; and the devil consents to play the devil with all the old shopkeeper's scruples, and to manage also that Cyra shall forthwith be Mrs. E., provided the said Eleemon consents to have a little red mark put on his breast, over against his heart, being the outward and visible sign of his having sold his soul, this world's goods past and gone, to his satanic majesty. The bargain is struck, the seal is stamped, Cyra is married to Eleemon, and to all outward view they are a most happy couple. But Eleemon, the honeymoon once over, cannot away with the "damned spot." Much of the conduct of the story is beautiful and pathetic. His secret is extorted from him by his affectionate wife, after a second marvellous dream, and by her revealed to the holy Bishop Basil, who receives the confession and contrition of the sinner who has sacrificed *All for Love*. He gives godly counsel; and now comes a beautiful touch of monastic imagination—the spot is washed out by the tears of Eleemon and his Cyra.

We have permitted ourselves to flatter rather lightly. This is, nevertheless, a very elegant, and, to our feeling, a very touching little poem. We present a few extracts only. The first describes Eleemon's visit to Satan, when he has exposed himself to the execution of the diabolical contract.

"The rising moon grew pale in heaven
At that unhappy sight;
And all the blessed stars seemed then
To close their twinkling lights."

And a shuddering in the elms was heard,
Though winds were still that night.

He called the spirits of the air,
He called them in the name
Of Abithas; and at the call
The attendant spirits came.

A strong hand which he could not see
Took his uplifted hand;

He felt a strong arm circle him,
And lift him from his stand;

A whirl of unseen wings he heard
About him every where,

Which onward, with a mighty force,
Impelled him through the air.

Fast through the middle sky and far
It hurried him along;

The hurricane is not so swift,
The torrent not so strong:

The lightning travels not so fast,
The sunbeams not so far:

And now beheld him he hath left
The moon and every star.

And still erect as on the tomb
In impious act he stood,

He rapt onward—onward—still
In that fixed attitude.

But as he from the living world
Approached where spirits dwell,
His bearers there in thinner air
Were dimly visible;

Shapeless, and scarce to be descried
In darkness where they flew;

But still as they advanced, the more
And more distinct they grew:

And when their way fast-speeding they
Through their own region went,

Then were they in their substance seen,
The angelic form, the fiendish mien,

Face, look, and lineament.

Behold where dawned before them now,
Far off, the boreal day—

Sole daylight of that frozen zone,
The limit of their way.

In that drear realm of outer night,
Like the shadow, or the ghost of light,

It moved in the restless skies,
And went and came, like a feeble flame

That flickers before it dies.

There the fallen seraph reigned supreme
Amid the outer waste;

There on the everlasting ice
His dolorous throne was placed.

Son of the Morning! is it then
For this that thou hast given

Thy seat, pre-eminent among
The hierarchies of heaven?

As if dominion here could joy
To blasted pride impart;

Or this cold region shake the fire
Of hell within the heart!

Thither the evil angels bear
The youth, and rendering homage there

Their service they evince,
And in the name of Abithas

Present him to their prince:

Just as they seized him when he made
The sorcerer's mandate known,

In that same act and attitude
They set him before the throne.

The fallen seraph cast on him
A dark disdainful look,

And from his raised hand scornfully
The proffer'd tablets took.

"Ay,—love!" he cried. "It serves me well,
There was the Trojan boy,—

His love brought forth a ten years' war,
And fired the towers of Troy.

And when my own Mark Antony
Against young Cæsar strove,

And Rome's whole world was set in arms,
The cause was,—all for love!

Some for ambition sell themselves,
By avarice some are driven;

Pride, envy, hatred, best will move
Some souls, and some for only love

Renounce their homes of heaven.

Yes, of all human follies; love,
Methinks, hath served me best.

The apple had done but little for me
If Eve had not done the rest.

Well then, young amorist, whom love
Hath brought unto this pass,

I am willing to perform the want
Of my servant Abithas.

Thy master's daughter shall be thine,
And with her sire's consent;

And not more to thy heart's desire
Than to her own content.

Yea, more,—I give thee with the girl,
Thine after-days to bless,

Health, wealth, long life, and whatsoever
The world calls happiness.

But, mark me!—on conditions, youth!
No paltering here we know!

Dost thou here, solemnly, this hour
Thy hope of heaven forego?

Dost thou renounce thy baptism,
And bind thyself to me,

My woful portion to partake
Through all eternity?

No larking purpose shall avail,
When youth may fall and courage quail,

To cheat me by contrition!
I will have thee written down among

The children of perdition."

Poor Eleemon executes the deed accordingly; and this, we think, will satisfy our readers that the hand which wrote *Queen Omeca* has lost nothing of its cunning. Eleemon's marriage and consequent happiness is fully described, and with many peculiar touches both of quaint satire and poetry: witness the following:—

"In present joy he wrapt his heart,
And resolutely cast
All other thoughts beside him,
Of the future or the past."

At length comes the hour of retribution.

"Alone was Eleemon left
For mercy on Heaven to call;

Deep and unceasing were his prayers,
But not a tear would fall.

His lips were parch'd, his head was hot,
His eyeballs throbb'd with heat;

And in that utterance
He could hear his temples beat.

But cold his feet, and cold his hands;
And at his heart there lay

An icy coldness unrelieved,
While he prayed the living day."

Satan, in spite of his repentance, claims our hero; and there is a grand trial of strength in the cathedral before the bishop (who is indeed the chief combatant) and the assembled people. Here the author indulges in some whim and pleasantries, which contrast with the pathetic traits of his preceding description. We say nothing of what opinion may be entertained of their taste; but they are very amusing, and we quote a few passages of the legal argument touching the soul of the penitent. It is exceedingly like special pleading in our modern law courts. Satan says—

"Mine is he by a bond
Which holds him fast in law:

I drew it myself for certainty,
And sharper than me must the lawyer be

Who in it can find a flaw!

Before the congregation,
And in the face of day,

Whoever may pray, and whoever grieve,
I will challenge him for my bondsman,

And carry him quick away!"

"Ha, Satan! dost thou in thy pride,
With righteous anger, Basil cried,
'Dely the force of prayer?"

In the face of the church wilt thou brave it?
Why then we will meet thee there!"

"There" they do meet, and the black gentleman enforces his claim as if he were a chancery barrister, and is answered by the bishop as if he were another.

"The writing is confess'd;—
No plea against it shown;—
The forfeiture is mine,
And now I take my own!"

"Hold there!" cried Basil, with a voice
That arrested him on his way,
When from the screen he would have swoop'd
To pounce upon his prey:

"Hold there, I say! Thou canst not sue
Upon this bond by law!
A sorry legalist were he
Who could not in thy boasted plea
Detect its fatal flaw.

The deed is null, for it was framed
With fraudulent intent;
A thing unlawful in itself;
A wicked instrument,—
Not to be pleaded in the courts—
Sir Fiend, thy cause is shent!

This were enough; but, more than this,
A maxim, as thou knowest, it is
Whereof all laws partake,
That no one may of his own wrong
His own advantage make.

The man, thou sayest, thy bondsman is:
Mark now, how stands the fact!
Thou hast allowed,—nay, aided him
As a freedman to contract
A marriage with this Christian woman here,
And by a public act.

That act being publicly perform'd
With thy full cognizance,
Claim to him as thy bondsman thou
Canst never more advance.

For when they solemnly were then
United, in sight of angels and men,
The matrimonial band
Gave to the wife a right in him;
And we on this might stand.

Thy claim upon the man was by
Thy silence then forsaken;
A marriage thus by thee procur'd
May not by thee be shaken;
And thou, O Satan, as thou seest,
In thine own snare art taken!"

So Basil said, and paused awhile;
The arch-fiend answered not;
But he heaved in vocation
A sulphurous sigh for the bishop's vocation,
And thus to himself he thought:—

"The law thy calling ought to have been,
With thy wit so ready, and tongue so free!
To prove by reason in reason's despite,
That right is wrong, and wrong is right,
And white is black, and black is white,—
What a loss have I had in thee!"

The *Pilgrim to Compostella* is a humorous production, but not so much to our liking, though it is a very John Gilpin-ish piece of drollery. The notes to both ballads are full of curiosities "rich and rare"—excellent scraps of omniana: we subjoin one:—

"The most remarkable instance of St. Basil's power in prayer is to be found, not in either of his lives, the veracious or the apocryphal one, but in a very curious account of the opinions held by the Armenian Christians, as drawn up for the information of Pope Benedict XII., and inserted by Domenico Bernino in his *Historia di tutte l' Heresie* (Secolo xiv. cap. iv. t. iii. pp. 508—536). It is there related, that on the sixth day of the creation, when the rebellious angels fell from heaven through that opening in the firmament which the Armenians call *Arocea*, and we the Galaxy, one unlucky angel, who had no participation in their sin, but seems to have been caught in the crowd, fell with them; and many others would in like manner have fallen by no fault of their own, if the Lord had not said unto them *Par voobis*. But this unfortunate angel was not restored, till he obtained, it is not said how, the prayers of St. Basil: his condition meantime, from the sixth day of the creation to the fourth century of the Christian era, must have been

even more uncomfortable than that of Klopstock's repentant devil."

The volume is dedicated to Caroline Bowles, as follows:—

"Could I look forward to a distant day
With hope of building some elaborate lay,
Then would I wait till worthier strains of mine
Might bear inscribed thy name, O Caroline!
For I would, while my voice is heard on earth,
Bear witness to thy genius and thy worth.
But we have both been taught to feel with fear
How frail the tenure of existence here,
What unforeseen calamities prevent,
Alas, how oft! the best resolved intent;
And therefore this poor volume I address
To thee, dear friend, and sister Poetess."

The History of the Huguenots during the Sixteenth Century. By W. S. Browning, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Pickering.

A BOOK more apposite to the time at which it is published, could not have been presented to the English reader than this History of the religious wars of France, which desolated a fine country during the whole of a century. At a period when the spirit of polemical opposition and controversy runs so high amongst ourselves, it is well to take a leaf and a lesson out of the records of a former age, and, if it be "philosophy teaching by example," suffer ourselves to be taught by these memorials of experience. Of all the strange phenomena which the folly of man has presented to man, since the earliest days of which the recollection is preserved even to our own era, are the perpetual struggles for worldly power and dominion which have been carried on in the name of Heaven; the murders, the wars, and the massacres, which have been perpetrated for the establishment of charity, good-will, and humanity!! But if these were remarkable anomalies when pagan, polytheist, infidel, or idolater, fought for mastery, and the barbarous rites of cruel systems in dark and ignorant ages ruled the actions of mankind,—what can they be called after the Christian creed of peace, benevolence, and love; that pure doctrine which bids us do unto others as we would that others should do unto us; which bids us to worship in brotherly unity and faith one father in one God;—what, we repeat, can these persecutions and butcheries be considered by the rational mind, after the dispensation of Christianity enlightened the earth? Must it not be confessed, that we are not what we profess,—that religion is but too universally the mask under which we pursue temporal aims,—and that selfishness and a disregard of the restraints imposed by the Divine laws are far more operative upon our conduct than either a moral sense or a guiding conscience?—And what have been the consequences? A very general disregard of all religion, the diffusion of doubt and disbelief, and the prevalence of an apathy which looks on unmoved, while the pretenders of every sect set themselves up as the only beings who are in the right, and therefore have a right to dictate to and domineer over their fellow-creatures, in the name of a faith which declares that they are all equal.

These points are strikingly enforced in the perusal of the History of the Huguenots, as well as the results of every attempt to enchain and fetter the independent soul. Oppression begets resistance, resistance rises into strength, and in turn oppresses; fanaticism dissolves the ties of nature, the battle rages, and the world weeps in tears of agony and blood. Of such feelings and of such scenes this work is full;—a revolting but instructive picture for the use of England in the year 1829. The author, whose first production it is, has done his judgment great honour by abstaining from

discussions on controversial points, and, while recording the wild rage of persecution and the frightful excesses of excited zeal, confining himself to a narration of the best-established facts, without making himself a partisan to distort the truth on one side, or colour falsehood on the other. Neither has he attempted declamation and fine writing: his History is a plain, accurate, and unvarnished tale, as far as it could be rendered so by consulting the ablest writers of the time and those of the succeeding century, during which all that had passed before was question of endless statements and conflicting disputes. In short, this is as honest and impartial an account as it seems possible to have gathered from the mass of contradictory opinions.

At the present moment there is perhaps one distinct and great consolation to be drawn from a general view of the subject: it is, that no important measure of government or policy ever produced half the good or half the evil that was predicted of it, at the period when its prospective effects were agitated. It seems as if time and circumstances always prevailed, so as to check the good, and modify the bad. Man proposes, but God disposes; and never have events followed as the arrogance of man predicted. What has been contemplated as a whole, in the process of years breaks itself into many parts; and each part is susceptible of alteration and regulation, as the necessities of the case require. Thus we fit affairs to our wants,—we repeal what is practically found to hurt us,—we amend what we feel to be defective and inconvenient,—and we improve and invigorate the useful and the beneficial. As in the gold there will on fusion appear alloy and trash; as in the poison there will on chemical separation appear innocuous agents and medicine;—so in all that ever was devised by human wisdom or human error, there will appear, as time unfolds the details, anticipated ills shaped into blessings, and promises of seeming blessings converted into insignificance and nonentity. In short, we can only make for the present: the future, too, will make for itself.

Having offered these remarks, suggested by the existing state of our country and the work before us, we shall not need to go at any length into the particulars of Mr. Browning's labours. The period embraced by his researches is one of uncommon interest, and it is fairly treated and well explained. With access to the liberal literary institutions of France (for which he justly acknowledges his obligations to the Marquis de Fortia, and to M. Van Praet of the Bibliothèque du Roi), our countryman has frequently shed a true, if not an altogether new light over matters that have been bitterly controverted; and his entire narrative is of a character to deserve the utmost public approbation. It sets out with a brief preliminary outline of the early steps which led to the Reformation—a sketch of the Panlicians, Vaudois, Lollards, Hussites, &c., and of the infant Protestant church persecuted by Francis I. and Henry II. Soon the court of France became divided; and the various parties discovered that religion was a potent engine in the contests for political sway. The country was torn to pieces; and executions, massacres, civil wars, faithless treaties, edicts marking the alternate rise and fall of the different factions, crowd the sanguinary pages of these eventful volumes, from the first edict of Francis, June 1523, to the famous edict of Nantes, on the 30th of April, 1598.

Any portion which we may select will serve

to show the praiseworthy manner in which this History is written; and we shall only be influenced by the immediate interest of the subjects alluded to in the two extracts we shall now add for the purpose of illustration. After some remarks on the writings of Lapopeliniere, Caveyrac, and others, Mr. Browning gives the following opinion respecting a recent controversy which has attracted much public attention.

"Great importance has been attached to the recent publication of Dr. Lingard. His History of England has been held up as an antidote to the incorrect and prejudiced writers of preceding times. The persecution of the French Protestants being so interwoven with the events of Elizabeth's reign, he could not avoid discussing the subject; and a short notice of this work will therefore be useful. His account is founded on the Duke of Anjou's confession. In the body of the work his remarks are short, but the subject is treated more at length in a note at the end of the volume. The assertions which are there made, excited considerable attention on their publication, and some observations in the reviews became the cause of a treatise in vindication of the original remarks. In the history, the notes, and the vindication, there are many inaccuracies, which will immediately strike every one acquainted with the French history of this period; and without insinuating that the reverend gentleman has intentionally misrepresented any point, there is fair ground for inferring that he has in some cases taken a quotation from the authority of a partial writer, and that his acquaintance with the French authors is very superficial. The following are a few of the cases alluded to.

'Coligny and his counsellors perished; the populace joined in the work of blood, and every Huguenot, or reputed Huguenot, who fell in their way, was murdered.' Justice to the population of Paris demanded a statement of the methods used to excite their feelings; but that is passed in silence, because the detail would be fatal to the sentiment meant to be impressed. 'Several hours elapsed before order could be restored in the capital.' Certainly several days elapsed before any real attempt was made to put an end to the carnage. In the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, public proclamation was made to desist from the massacre; and Dr. L. has given a quotation from Lapopeliniere to shew that the king gave orders by sound of trumpet for every one to return home, under pain of death for those who continued the murders; but, in common fairness, the extract from that writer should have been given more at length; it would then appear that the last day of the week was but little less remarkable for murders than the others. The work contains some errors which deserve notice, although they are unimportant in point of historical argument. 'So powerful a nobleman, who had twice led his army against that of the crown, was naturally an object of jealousy.' 'They reminded him (the king) of the two rebellions of the Huguenots, &c.' It is certainly of no real consequence that Coligny had been engaged against the king's troops more than twice, and that there had been three civil wars or rebellions, instead of two; but the assertion shews how much this writer's reputation for research and accuracy have been overrated. Two other remarks are unaccountable: in one, the admiral's assassin is placed in an upper window, a thing impossible in a narrow street; the other mentions the ringing of the bell of the parliament house. The doctor's remarks respecting the number of killed are

curious. 'Among the Huguenot writers, Perefixe reckons 100,000, Sully 70,000, Thuanus 30,000, Lapopeliniere 20,000, the reformed Martyrologist 15,000, and Masson 10,000. But the Martyrologist adopted a measure which may enable us to form a tolerable conjecture; he procured from the ministers in the different towns where massacres had taken place, lists of the names of persons who had suffered, or were supposed to have suffered. He published the result in 1582; and the reader will be surprised to learn that, in all France, he could discover the names of no more than 786 persons: perhaps if we double that number, we shall not be far from the real amount.' Of the above six Huguenot writers, three were well-known Catholics, viz. Perefixe, archbishop of Paris, Thuanus or De Thou, and Masson. Lapopeliniere abjured protestantism; and the only Huguenot of them all is Sully, with the exception of the anonymous Martyrologist, respecting whom it is a fair subject for inquiry who he was, and whether his work was not one of the artifices of the League, to diminish the odium which even at that time was entertained for these effects of Popish bigotry. Dr. L. himself seems aware that his position is untenable, for in his Vindication he changes his ground, represents his printer to have inserted the word *Huguenot* instead of *National*, and afterwards declares how little importance he attaches to the contradictory conjectures of historians; adding, that as he had taken Caveyrac for his guide, he refers the reader to him as his sole authority. Such a reference renders comment unnecessary: it must, however, be observed, that more than seven hundred persons of distinction were killed; and supposing the Martyrologist to have been what is pretended, his researches must have been for persons of a particular class, or he could easily have found more names than he did. But the list contains chiefly the names of persons of the lowest condition; and when the period of its publication is considered, there is very great appearance of its being intended to discredit the then prevailing opinions, if not in France, at least in foreign parts. In replying to the reviewers, Dr. L. goes more deeply into the subject; but with no better success, for errors are often discernible. 'The ceremony (the marriage) had been fixed for the 18th of August, but he (Coligny) went to court in June,' &c. It was, however, the death of the Queen of Navarre, in June, which caused it to be delayed till August. To shew how unlikely it was that the king should be so great a dissembler, he is stated to have been no more than twenty years of age, whereas he was in his twenty-third year. Respecting the league of Bayonne, in 1565, there are some observations worthy of attention. Dr. L. shews that there is no proof of it beyond the suspicions of the Huguenots, and which suspicions had not much effect even on them—for they placed themselves without hesitation at the mercy of the court, at the assembly of Moulins, in 1566. So far, however, from trusting to the court, the fact was, that they went so well accompanied, that the queen did not dare attempt any thing. It is moreover singular, that to prove there was nothing in contemplation against the Huguenots, a letter should be produced from Strada, written by Philip the Second to his sister in the Netherlands. It states, 'that the Queen of Spain having entreated her brother and her mother to remedy the perilous state of religion in France, found them perfectly disposed to follow the counsels which were discussed; that several marriages, and an alliance against the

Turks, were proposed; but that nothing was decided, because the queen turned aside every subject but that of religion, which she recommended anew to her brother and mother at the suggestion of the Duke of Alva, and that the meeting broke up.' It has been said that Strada did not believe that any idea of the massacre was entertained at this meeting; but the substance of the letter which he has preserved, shews that measures were then canvassed for suppressing the Huguenot party; and the argument, as to whether or not he did believe that the massacre was then discussed, rests altogether upon a difference in the punctuation of a paragraph."

To this we shall do nothing more than add the candid conclusion at which the author arrives at the end of his work.

"History does not afford an example of a more desolating war than that which raged in France, almost without intermission, for the remainder of the sixteenth century: by its conclusion, a new era seemed to dawn upon the nation. Very sanguine hopes were entertained of the happy results of the edict of Nantes, which, it is too well known, were cruelly disappointed; but the circumstances which led to, and accompanied its revocation, form the subject of a distinct history, and are of sufficient importance to be discussed in a separate work. Although connected with this history in many respects, the events of the seventeenth century, as a whole, are quite distinct, whether we consider the parties who were concerned, or the ostensible reasons of their conduct. The Protestants of the sixteenth century were chiefly anxious to see the Catholic religion purified and freed from a multitude of superstitions and errors: they wished to restore the practices of primitive Christianity. But the principal aim of their descendants was to preserve the privileges already obtained; they desired to continue separated from the Romish church, which, by proclaiming the decrees of the council of Trent, had publicly sanctioned the gross errors of the dark ages. A difference equally great is to be traced in the objects and motives of their persecutors of each period. During the former, we remark a hatred of innovation upon religious affairs; in the latter, a malignant spirit of ambition, that could not brook the existence of a body of men whose opinions were not to be chained by the declarations of any other authority than the Holy Scriptures. Bigotry was the passion which the court of France developed at both periods; but fanaticism called it into action under the princes of the house of Valois, while state policy was its strongest impulse under Louis XIV.,—a prince whose annals shine with military trophies, yet who, by a strange contradiction, became the tool of a Jesuit confessor. He inflamed the king's zeal for the Romish religion, and his recommendations have completely tarnished that otherwise brilliant reign: *sed cedunt arma togæ.*"

Ude's French Cook. 10th edition.

J. Ebers and Co.

OUR affection for Louis Eustache Ude is notorious,—so we will not deny the fact, that we rejoice in his tenth edition, as if increase of appetite did grow by what it fed on. Indeed, a Cookery-book is one of the very few publications which could secure readers and attention during the agitation of the Catholic question; for however much immersed in politics and polemics, still folks must dine; and amidst the most arduous occupations, there must be a time afforded for eating. And who can teach

us to eat like the immortal Eustache? with his new Appendix of observations "on the meals of the day—new method of giving fashionable suppers at routs and soirées, as practised by the author when with Lord Sefton—history of cookery—rules for carving—on the choice of meat, &c."—who investigates (as he does in this single volume) a hundred and forty-four soups, sauces, and broths; forty-eight farces (not dramas, nor yet quadrilles, but forced-meat balls); forty-seven modes of dressing lamb and mutton; sixty-one ways of cooking veal; six fashions for ham and pork; three for venison; thirty-seven dishes of fowls; forty-seven chickens; six turkeys; twenty-two partridges; forty-three pheasants, woodcocks, snipes, &c.; thirty rabbits; eight hares; thirty-nine freshwater, and seventy-one salt-water fish, besides eleven of shell-fish; and twenty of eggs;—and then entremets, creams, soufflés, jellies, fromages, nouilles, patés, pies, so as to exalt the number of dishes, all courting the taste of the accomplished gourmand, to no fewer than *eight hundred and sixty-one recipes* for the dinner-table of the true Amphitryon. Breakfasts, luncheons, and suppers, one might suppose to be unnecessary after this; but our mighty master has stomach for them all, and he delivers his oracles accordingly, upon such matters as coffee, sandwiches, salads, and other small deer.

The work sets out with a history of the rise and progress of the sublime art of cookery; its origin as a science being, as it ought, attributed to France, though it had very important effects among earlier nations, and in the remote ages of the world. For instance, when Esau sold his birth-right for a *potage*, he only set an example to later gastronomers, by eating away his substance and worldly property; and we regret to learn that El Bassum, the learned commentator on the Talmud, has been unable (though he spent fifteen years in the inquiry) to ascertain who was the Ude upon this interesting occasion, that cooked the supper so expensive to Esau. Passing rapidly from this period, our author shows how much the Reformation was aided by cookery, and comes at length to the renowned Gonthier.

"What Bacon," says he, "was to philosophy, Dante and Petrarch to poetry, Michael Angelo and Raphael to painting, Columbus and Gama to geography, Copernicus and Galileo to astronomy, Gonthier was in France to the art of cookery. Before him, their code of eating was formed only of loose scraps, picked up here and there; the names of dishes were strange and barbarous, like the dishes themselves. At length Gonthier" (he continues, in a strain of fine enthusiasm), "appeared, to raise the culinary edifice, as Descartes, a century after him, raised that of philosophy. Both introduced doubt,—the one in the moral, the other in the physical world. Descartes, considering our conscience as the point from which every philosophical inquiry ought to begin, regenerated the understanding, and destroyed that unintelligible empiricism which was the bane of human reason. Gonthier, establishing the nervous glands as the sovereign judges at table, overturned the whole scaffolding of *bromatological* traditions,—the sad inheritance of past ages. Gonthier is the father of cookery, as Descartes of French philosophy. If the latter has given rise to geniuses, like Spinoza, Mallebranche, and Locke, the former has been followed by a posterity of artists, whose names and talents will never be forgotten. Who has not heard of d'Aligre, Souvent, Richant, and Mézelier? It is said that Gonthier, in less than ten years,

invented seven *cullies*, nine ragoûts, thirty-one sauces, and twenty-one soups; but who can assert that Descartes has discovered as many facts? In the history of Gonthier, every page should be read; but could we say as much for an historian or a novelist? We know nothing of Gonthier's last moments; whether he was burnt at the stake for having conformed to the doctrines of the Reformation, or whether he died a natural death; whether poor or rich, in exile, or in his own country."

In a glorious spirit of transcendent philosophy the Ude proceeds: "Motion was created; nothing was able to stop it henceforth; the world could not return to its original chaos!!! A woman opened the gates of an enlightened age; it was Catherine, the daughter of the celebrated Lorenzo de Medici, niece of Leo the Tenth, then in all the bloom of beauty: accompanied by a troop of perfumers, painters, astrologers, poets, and cooks, she crosses the Alps, and whilst Bullian planned the Tuilleries, Berini recovered from oblivion those sauces which for many ages had been lost."

He bestows a high encomium upon this queen for her revival of cookery, and strenuously denies that any of her cooks ever administered poison to those whom she wished to be *removes*. On the contrary, with a true feeling for the honour of his profession, he asserts that physicians and apothecaries were more likely to do such jobs than the "constellations of the kitchen." Henry of Valois was a great prince—i. e. a "prince of good appetite," "a lover of good cheer," and one who "spent whole days at table;" and it is memorable that the fricandeau was invented in his reign. Henry IV., on the contrary, was an indifferent sovereign, though praised on other grounds by certain historians. That monarch, as Ude relates, did nothing for his cooks:—"Either nature had not endowed him with a good appetite (for what prince ever was perfect?), or he looked upon them—as in the last century we looked upon soups—as things of hardly any use; but in return they also did nothing for him."

But we must leave the history, only stating that sauces* date from the age of Louis XIV., to quote the general eulogium upon this delighting and delightful art.

"Cookery refines the coarser part of food, deprives the compound substances employed in it of the terrestrial juices therein contained; it improves, purifies, and in some measure spiritualises them. The dishes, thus prepared, must then amass in the blood an abundance of purer and finer spirits. Thence arise more agility and vigour of body, more vivacity and fire of imagination, more extent and force of genius, and more delicacy and refinement of taste. It is not, then, so strangely paradoxical to rank the improvements in modern cookery amongst the physical causes which have recalled us from the extremity of barbarity to the bosom of refinement, talents, wit, arts, and sciences."

It is very amusing to trace our author and his account of the effects of cooking during the French Revolution. He tells us—"A man who, for these five-and-twenty years, has held in their legislative assemblies the place which Copernicus assigned to the sun in the firmament, has traced a picture of it in one volume octavo, under the title of *Histoire de la Gueule*

* "Amongst the proofs of the immateriality of the soul, at the very first line, we place 'the prodigy of a perfectly well-made sauce.' Perhaps the wisdom and fertility of nature are not displayed with more splendour in the works of the creation, than in the genius of the cook in the composition of a sauce."—Ude *passim*.

en France depuis la Revolution en 1789, jusqu'à nos jours. We have seen some portions of the work, in which we have discovered many happy conceptions, new ideas, profound thought, and a concise and nervous style. One of the chapters bears this title—*Nomination of M.A. due to a pie of goose-liver*; another, *the turkey with truffles and the censure*; a third, *the eighteenth of Brumaire explained by the larks of Pithiviers*; and another, *the liberty of the press repulsed with considerable loss by a fat chicken of Strasbourg*."

The next chapter is a defence of cookery from the alleged ill effects that it produces on the health:—a triumphant refutation. We have then an excellent chapter on carving; another portion directing the choice of meat; and a third, a vocabulary of terms. But what we consider the most valuable part of the novelties in this edition is, an Appendix on the meals of the day. It opens with the following picture of London fashionable life:—

"Breakfast.—As it is customary for people of fashion when in town to meet their friends in the morning in the parks, and other places of polite resort, and in the evening at the Opera, sometimes in the private boxes at the theatres, and at the different routs, it will not be necessary to shew how they commence the day. They may be pictured at the breakfast-table yawning over the newspaper, half asleep, half awake; the lady experiencing the headache of a late party, and the gentleman musing on the supper, and the events of the club-house."

Luncheons are thus sketched: "The repast itself is insignificant, and is only taken by certain young ladies, who wish to preserve the elegance of their figures, the beauty of their complexions, and above all the becoming manners of good society, which interdict, as vulgar, eating at table like gluttons; for unless frequent meals are taken, too much must be eaten at once. The true art in the economy of refectio is to partake at one meal only of as much as will leave the eater free to do honour to the next."

But we have quoted enough to demonstrate that this is really a work of great general merit as well as originality. What will most recommend it, however, at this season, is its admirable directions for routs and supper-parties: in this respect it is quite an oracle; and there are few persons of or above the middle ranks of life who may not consult it with much advantage in giving these parties, so prevalent at this period of the year, and the pleasures of which depend so entirely on good arrangements. Here Ude is Ude *per se*; and far above the Nabob of Oude, who has given that name to a sauce—a curious case of coincidence in ever-to-be-honoured names.

Clouds and Sunshine. London, 1829.

12mo. pp. 324. S. Maunders.

ONE of those valuable volumes which, while we cordially recommend to our readers, we feel we are doing something beyond advancing their amusement, or even increasing their information. Filled with that pure morality which is founded on religion, and the cause of our faith advocated with equal reason and fervour, it is a book which, if taken up for entertainment, will not be laid down without serious thought. "Rashness," and "De Lawrence," are both interesting tales; but a quotation from that entitled "Enthusiasm," we prefer, as a useful lesson, setting forth the danger of imagination acting on ignorance, of human impetuosity and human vanity, ingrafting on religion their own wild fantasies.

We take the conversation between the young man and his clergyman, on the subject of his intended marriage.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, "a father's dying words are solemn, but the faith required by a dying Saviour is more important; and, as I think, I have followed the guidance and the direction of that Saviour, and made a choice by his spirit, which I ought to follow in spite of all other things. 'For whose loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' I have wrestled in prayer many a day and night, and begged the Lord to guide me in this choice, and he gave me a sign which I cannot, if I would, disobey." "How? Gave you a sign! Surely you do not mean?" "Yes, I do mean a sign. I know it all, it's quite scriptural. He favours his chosen with the knowledge of his will; he directs all their paths. He has given me this innocent, but persecuted woman, and what He has joined, no man may put asunder, no, not even a dying father's wishes." "And pray what is the sign you received?" inquired Forbes, at a loss to know or conjecture what he could possibly mean. "Why, sir, after I had wrestled, like Jacob, all night in prayer, and begged for a sign,—for you know David says, 'The meek he will guide in judgment, and the meek he will teach his way,'—so I took up the Bible, which is God's own book, and contains the revelation of his will to us, and I felt sure that a sign would be given me. I opened the Bible, and the first words I cast my eyes upon were, 'Sarah shall be her name.' This could mean nobody else than Sarah Baker. 'Whether, then (as Peter and John said), it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you, or unto God, judge ye; for 'the lot is cast in the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is the Lord's.' " "May you not have misinterpreted this sign, as you call it, like the lying spirit which was sent to Ahab?" "Impossible, quite impossible; for I had prayed and waited, and as the Lord told Ahaz to 'ask for a sign,' so did I; and one was given me, which I must obey. I feel assured, as if it had been revealed to me, that I am right." "I would wish to remind you, however," replied Forbes, "what St. Paul says,— 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall.' Your assurance and revelation are things quite at variance with the present state of man and the perfection of the gospel. There are no such things as those you speak of in the way you pretend to." "Do not blaspheme," hurriedly exclaimed the shoemaker. "O, sir! how profanely you talk; and yet you call yourself a minister of God. You deny the Holy Ghost, you are guilty of that sin for which there is no repentance and no pardon." Mr. Forbes smiled, and calmly proceeded. "Before you talk of blasphemy and the sin against the Holy Ghost, learn to know what they are, and impute not to others that which you do not understand. I know you are in the habit of heaping together a jargon of words, which your self-vanity leads you to suppose to be truth and inspiration. You talk of conscience, and feelings, and assurance, as if they were plain and manifest revelations of God, not to be mistaken; and in doing this, you quite forget both who and what you are, and of whom and what you speak. You employ language more strong, and make assertions more lofty, than the apostles ever did, with all their higher advantages and extraordinary inspiration. St. Paul seems to have had no such assurance, that every thing he did was either a revelation to him from God, or was

indeed so fully and strictly right, that he was confident, in spite of all that might come, of his salvation. Else, why should he have hinted even at the possibility of his being cast away? 'But my conscience assures me that my judgment is right in this matter, and the spirit.'— 'Your conscience assures you! 'A conscience void of offence towards God and towards man' is a most enviable possession; it is, indeed, a blessing which evidences that our sincere endeavours to walk humbly before God are accepted, and blessed by Him who alone can give peace and comfort to our souls. Conscience, too, may, in its ordinary operation, suggest to us whether we are acting right or wrong; but to say that it gives us assurance of salvation, or even testifies exclusively of the correctness of things depending upon our judgment, is to assign it a power it does not possess. You elevate it to an equality with the power of the Holy Spirit of God, which is given to us, not only to teach and guide our hearts, but to 'bear witness with our spirits that we are sons of God.' This witness is conveyed in a way so gentle and incomprehensible, that we may not talk of or presume upon it, as a thing palpable and common. God makes known to us no revelation now. The inspiration which filled prophets and apostles in times past is no longer vouchsafed unto us, for there is no longer a necessity for it. That was only granted for wise and particular purposes, involving the everlasting interests of the souls of men, and the mighty glory of God. When you talk of a revelation, what is it, but that you, a simple individual, for private purposes, put yourself on a level with St. Peter and St. Paul, who were inspired for public and general purposes, interesting not only to themselves, but to the world at large. Even on the subject of marriage, St. Paul states what he advanced by permission, what by revelation; what from his own judgment. Exalt not yourself, therefore, above this apostle, who 'was not taught of men, but of God.'"

The elopement of his intended bride somewhat opens the enthusiast's eyes; but "the several facts, as they were afterwards manifested, wrought a deep effect upon the mistaken youth's mind; they conjured up, in no pleasing array, like an upbraiding ghost, the recollection of his poor old father's oft-repeated caution and dying words. That he, who deemed himself wise above measure, could have been deceived,—deceived, too, in spite of the infallibility of grace, of Bible-signs, Sarah's zealous professions, and his own caution and ability, as a teacher ordained not by men, but, as he pretended, by a special call,—all this preyed upon his spirits; he could not bear 'the world's dread laugh.' His light was eclipsed. He was discovered one morning suspended from a beam in his bed-room. There were found, after his death, some papers, on which were written straggling and undigested thoughts, as a supplement to his spiritual journal; and in these, so deeply had he been possessed by notions of infallible grace and infallible conversion, he had attempted to justify his self-murder, applying literally to himself the language of Job,— 'My soul chooseth strangling and death rather than life,'—in a long rhapsody, which evinced that his mind must have been in as pitiable a situation as a ship driven before tempestuous winds through a dangerous sea, with no rudder to steer, no compass to direct its goings. He was followed to the grave by his broken-hearted mother, who soon joined him 'in the narrow house of death.'"

The paper on "Religious Offices" is one well

worthy of attention, though it would be too much to assert that we entirely coincide with the writer. But we must say, especially at the hour of our writing, we cannot do better than advise an attentive perusal of many parts of this volume, as a fitting study for the approaching Easter.

The American Annual Register for the Years 1826-27. 8vo. pp. 860. New York, 1828. E. and G. W. Blunt.

ACCUSTOMED to speak our sentiments without circumlocution, frankly, whether for or against, it affords us much pleasure to notice this volume, which is just imported, with very high eulogy. It is an able performance, and does credit to the American mind and literature. But why should we say American, since the sterling and best works of that country are so entirely English and worthy of the intellect of the mother-land? It is only when presumptuous egotists take it into their heads to imagine that they are new and sublimer creations of a new and sublimer world, that the good sense and genius of the United States are turned into folly and scoff. The work before us is a plain, sound, and sensible production, full of information, and (though national enough) of much historical value. We make a small miscellany of its domestic Register, by way of exemplifying the volume.

"*Shoes at Lynn (Massachusetts).*"—The population of Lynn is over 5000, nearly all of whom are supported by the shoe-business. From 1,200,000 to 1,400,000 pairs of shoes are made annually in the town, of an average value of 75 cents per pair, making nearly 1,000,000 dollars. The females of the town earn more than 60,000 dollars annually by binding and ornamenting shoes. Millions of low-priced fancy shoes have been sent to South America, and sold at a profit. There is a chocolate manufactory in Lynn, which makes sixty tons of chocolate in a year. The Lynn fishermen at this time bring in 6,000 pounds of fish daily."

"*Connecticut, July.*"—*Extraordinaries.*—A Newhaven paper, of the 3d of July, mentions, that on a haul of fish made there on the 2d, there were 25,000 white fish (bass), a large quantity of blue and weak fish (suckermogs), and seventeen large sharks, from seven to ten feet in length. The latter made destructive work with the net; and, although not able to escape themselves, gave opportunity for the escape of at least 50,000 white fish."

"*Sheep.*"—A destructive malady appeared among the sheep in the town of Waterville, N. Y.; hundreds died off very strangely: considerable pains were taken to ascertain the cause, which terminated very satisfactorily. A kind of grub worm was discovered in the head, a little above the eye. The largest was about three-fourths of an inch long, and as large as a pipe-stem; and many others were found in the same sheep's head, some but little smaller, and others quite small. They were alive after the sheep was dead. They were put in spirits of turpentine, but this did not kill them."

"The culture of cotton has but of late been commenced in Maryland, and it has succeeded beyond expectation. Dr. Muse had last season thirty acres sown with this article in Dorchester county. It was all uplands, and yielded one-third clean cotton, whereas one-fourth is the usual proportion in the southern states. The culture has also been successfully commenced in Northampton county, Virginia."

"*(Virginia).*"—Particles of gold have been picked up, perfectly free of alloy, on the land

of Colonel Lewis, near Lynchburg. It is a common occurrence, after a rain, to see it scattered over the soil. * * * A new gold mine, ten miles higher up the Yadkin, has been discovered in North Carolina. One lump, weighing ten pennyweights, has been found; and twelve to fifteen pennyweights a hand, it is said, have been *sometimes* found per day. The 'gold region' in North Carolina appears to extend over a large tract of country, and the desire to hunt the precious metal to be increasing. It is found in small particles, embedded in ferruginous clay; and a bushel of earth yields an average of about a grain and a half of gold; but the washing and other labour to separate it is tedious and toilsome. A new system is proposed for working the gold-mines by steam. An engine has been procured, and is to be put in operation at Chisholm's mine.

* * * New veins of gold ore have been discovered in Mecklenburgh county, which are said to be very rich. Those who have worked them have been well compensated, one company having obtained 600 pennyweights in three weeks.

* * * A gold mine has been discovered in Union district, on the waters of Tyger river. The ore is said to be of such extent as to afford employment to 500 hands, at good wages. A specimen of the gold has been pronounced by Dr. Cooper equal in purity to any he ever saw. A company is expected to be formed to work the dust.

"Three men, named Grace, Whipple, and Henderson, having suspicion that a negro man, named Isaac Reed, had stolen money from the former, inflicted upon him a severe flogging with a cow-hide, and having suspended him to the beams of the house, suffering his toes only to touch the floor, left him to remain in that situation. Returning some time after, to discover what effect their cruelty had wrought upon him, they found Isaac dead. A coroner's inquest inspected the body, and rendered a verdict that the deceased had come to his death by the hands of Grace, Whipple, and Henderson, who were apprehended with some difficulty and lodged in goal, all bail being very properly refused, to await their trial before a called court of the county of Henrico. The suspicion of the culprits was directed against Isaac in consequence of the responses of an old beldame in the neighbourhood, who has set up as conjuror, and who was consulted by Grace on the occasion. The money was afterwards found, and the innocence of the unhappy victim established.—A Captain Carter, of Richmond, ordered a servant to take a negro boy, who had done something that displeased him, put a rope loosely round his neck, and suspend him to the ceiling of a smoke-house, seating him in a chair, and tying his hands and feet: this the servant performed. Some time after, the smoke-house was visited by Capt. Carter, with an intention of releasing the offender, but he was beyond release, as he had been dead several minutes."

"Mr. McCall, of Georgia, is cultivating the vine pretty extensively; and it is stated, he has proved the fact, that one acre of land will yield as many grapes as will produce 400 gallons of wine, the clear profit of which is estimated at 160 dollars."

"(Mississippi).—A duel was lately fought by two citizens of Mississippi with muskets, loaded each with fifteen buck-shot, standing at the distance of thirty paces: both were wounded, one severely."

"The salaries of public officers are higher in Louisiana than in any other state in the Union. That of the governor is 7,500 dollars; that of

the judges of the supreme court, 5,000 dollars."

"(Kentucky).—Desha.*—Another attempt was made, during this month (October), for the trial of I. B. Desha, for the murder of Mr. Baker, and failed, many of the principal witnesses being absent, and the prisoner himself not able to attend at the bar."

"November.—The Choctaw academy is in a flourishing state. The second examination of the pupils lately took place, in the presence of 500 people, and the boys acquitted themselves much to the satisfaction of all parties. There are fifty-three Choctaw students at the establishment, which is under the patronage of the Baptist general convention: the funds are supplied by the nation, out of the annuities payable by the United States."

"(Ohio.) Indians.—The head chief of the Shawanese Indians, being at a tavern at Piqua, under the excitement of liquor, quarrelled with several persons and stabbed them; among others the editor of the Piqua paper, who was wounded in nine places. The next day, on Perry's arrival at Wapaukonnetta, the Shawanese were holding a council, at which he should have been present, and which had adjourned from the day previous in consequence of his absence. They had assembled for the purpose of prohibiting and abjuring the use of spirituous liquors among their nation from and after that day; and when they had been made acquainted with the effects this same curse had on their chief, and the disgraceful actions he had committed while under its influence, a general feeling and expression of sorrow ensued. The council immediately sent delegates to Piqua, to hold a talk with the citizens. Their orator, Wee-will-a-pee, then expressed the wishes of his people in the following characteristic speech:—"We have been deputed by our nation to wait on the citizens of Piqua, and express to them, and particularly to those who were injured, our deep sorrow for the accident which has lately happened. We know strong drink was made for white men, as they know how to use it; but it makes Indians crazy: we therefore held an assembly of all our people to abolish the use of it among us. It was the wish of our people that our chief, Perry, should be present at our late council; he did not come, and we were disappointed. Perry arrived before the council broke up, and what he told us made us very sorry. We always wish to live in friendship with our white brethren, and especially with the people of this town, as we have so much communication and trade with them. We are very willing to pay all expenses, on condition that the white people will not put the law in force against our chief." The speech was answered by several citizens, assuring them of a reciprocation of a friendly feeling, and advising them to discontinue the use of whisky; and that the outrage of this man should be forgiven in consideration of his repentance, and the peaceable disposition and assurances of regret expressed by the deputation in behalf of their nation."

"(Indiana.) November.—Numerous emigrants are pouring into Indiana, from Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky. Many are of the respectable classes, with large droves of cattle and flocks of sheep, &c. In 1800, Indiana had less than 5,000 inhabitants; the present amount is not short of 200,000. The establishment of Robert Owen, at New Harmony, is spoken of as in a flourishing condition, but unable to provide for all those who apply to

* His father is governor, and he has since, it appears, pardoned him.

become members of the society. Its present condition is thus described. The society has apparently assumed a more settled form; the lectures are better attended, and temperance and industry are enforced by precept and example. All sorts of dissipation are discouraged, but amusements abound. Swearing and the use of hard words seem as if abolished among the older members of the community."

"April.—The people of New Harmony have divided themselves into three communities, independent of each other and of Mr. Owen; and, in these new formations, the experiment will be continued for the present. The town of New Harmony is very full of people, and comfortable accommodations for additional colonists cannot be furnished. The elements of which the society is composed seem to be peculiarly discordant."

"June.—A horrid murder was committed in the vicinity of Brookville, by John Young, for whose daughter John Points had conceived an attachment. Young was a man of standing, and was opposed to Points, and refused his consent to their marriage. The lovers, however, had entered into a matrimonial engagement, and were on their way on a moonlight evening to be married, accompanied by several friends, when they were waylaid by Young, who shot Points through the head in the midst of his laughing companions, and while his intended bride was mounted behind him on the same horse. On the fall of his victim, Young dragged his daughter to his dwelling, and on the following day delivered himself up to the proper authorities, who admitted him to bail, on the plea that he had demanded his daughter of Points before he shot him. The daughter was aged eighteen years, and marriageable, by the laws of the state, without the consent of parents."

This cento, selected without reference to connexion, is yet characteristic enough of the country. Great improvements appear generally to be in progress; and, we must add, there is still great room for them, both in physics and morals, if we may judge from a multitude of the indications developed in these pages.

The Opening of the Sixth Seal: a Sacred Poem.

Second edition. 8vo. and 12mo. pp. 179. London, 1829, Longman and Co.; Oxford, Vincent; Cambridge, Deighton.

WE object to the subject of this poem for two reasons—first, because it has already been exhausted by Messrs. Pollok and Montgomery, and the undiscovered lands of poetry have a fate the very reverse of America—it is the first adventurers who stamp their names and memory upon them: secondly, we dislike the subject itself; we can enter no protest too strong against this "dealing damnation round the land." It is a most mistaken idea of religion which would thus enlist in its service the very worst feelings of our nature: "judgment is mine, saith the Lord;" and the man who, blinded and erring himself, presumes to pronounce on his fellow-sinners, only enthrones his hatred on his ignorance. Moreover, in thus anticipating the decrees of Providence, in making such inscrutable mysteries matter for fictitious narrative, there is a profanity quite out of keeping with aught of strict religious profession. Many and many are the passages, in Pollok especially, so profanely absurd, that had they been written by any one who came not steeped to the lip in all the bitter exclusiveness of Calvinism, three parts of his present admirers would have been the first to cry out, and with most entire justice, on the injury

done to religion. When we look round on the present age of hypocrisy and indifference, we would be doubly guarded against yielding one spot to the step of the scoffer, or of allowing man's evil passions and prejudices to pervert or even mingle with the pure and holy spirit of Christianity. The importance of the subject must excuse our having somewhat gone beyond our usual limits, and we return to our criticism, which has now a more gracious office—that of praise; for there is much in this little volume that amply deserves it. Its chief poetical fault is the common failing of inexperienced writers—allowing a favourite author to become their inspiration, and thus letting admiration interfere with originality. Thus we are continually reminded of Montgomery, while we are at the same time convinced that his follower has resources enough of his own, would he but trust to them. These pages, indeed, display harmonious versification, some admirable descriptions, and some sweet sketches, like favourite groups in a large picture. For example, a desert place:—

“Thus, on the desert sands,
A few sad, solitary columns lay,
And huge rocks, heven to be the dormal base
Of some immeasurable temple dome—
All prostrate now; and a few pillared aisles
That faintly pictured to the pensive eye
The might and majesty that once were there.
Such monstrous columns, such huge walls, and towers,
And gorgeous temples, never fancy framed,
When, gazing on the fragments at even,
We mark the mountainous clouds, piled heaps on heaps,
Sailing upon the horizon, and the rays,
Departing, kiss their craggy sides, till glow
The grim, dark-waving banners of the storm
With a new beauty, far unlike the glare
Of their own fire-flash; then the eye doth frame,
As we look on them in the sky, tall towers,
And gilded palaces, and pillared vaults,
And a huge city's vast embattled walls,
Seen in the heaven-clouds. But such vanished might
Shadow not forth the mountains of the sky,
As the half-shrouded pillars, and the domes,
And columned aisles, and rock-hewn stones, reclined
Proned on the desert waste would whisper there
To the heart musing on their loneliness;
For not a green-hued herb its lowly head
Those cities lifted high, nor tree nor flower
Shed its sweet breath upon the ruinous spot;
The very life-breaths had died away,
And the grass scorched the once proud place of man,
Nor would wave over it; the wolf alone,
Spurned from the living, and the slimy snake,
Dwelt there, the monarchs of the blasted plain!”

The following coming of darkness is fine:—

“The ever-beauteous moon,
Friend of the poet and the lover—orb
That did the sad night with its golden ray
Cheer from her heaven path, on their sultry robe
Her mellow beams, like music to the breast
Of melancholy Saul, that soothed his soul,
Silently shedding, all the things of earth
Flooding with a new beauty, till they seemed
As spectres conjured by her dreamy spells:
She too, alas! when swelled the trumpet cry,
Quivered, like lamp flame in the fitful breeze,
And then went out, and Darkness over all
His pall rejoicing flung, that not a ray
Was on the earth, the straining eye of man
To gladden with its gentleness—all gloom,
Save when a wandering star rushed wildly by,
More swift than sun ray speeding on its flight,
Shocking the frail world as it swept the heaven
Tracing its heedless way. So dim at first,
A blush upon the firmament it seemed;
Brighter, and yet more bright, it came—it flew—
And as more nearly to the trembling earth
It made its flight, more vast, more dread it was,
Till all the heavens were shrouded from the eye
Of gazing man; yet not with golden rays,
As when it watched the dull night hours away,
Twinkling upon the far off firmament;
Not in its beautiful indistinctness now,
As when the lover looked upon its lamp,
Chanting his melancholy lay, or priest
Of old did homage to its shadowy sphere,
And hailed it minister of the Most High;
When, seen so dimly by the musing eye,
As like a visionary dream it hung
Upon its heaven path, that a doubt would come
Whether it were not of the spirit race
Who round the throne of the Invisible
Their never-wearying watch keep ceaselessly.
But lo! now looked not upon its orb,
Branching soft roses—not musing eye beheld
Its terrible coming, and of spirit forms

Pondered—not priest sent up to it a prayer,—
For all its golden glories now were gone,
And with a dull red glare, such as may be
Upon the black-browed vault of sullen night,
When storm clouds are upon it, and beneath,
Etna from out her many mouths of flame
Flings up her torches to the lurid sky,
In fearful sport.”

We would point out the third part as containing characters, &c. very poetical, though we again protest most strongly against the manner in which they are introduced. We shall take one instance, and only one, out of the, we doubt not unintentional, profaneness to which writers of this class are liable. Perhaps the crucifixion is one of the most solemn and awful subjects on which a Christian can meditate: what can we say to a description where the dying Saviour is likened to “another flower”—“a blushing rose, while the envious wind has blasted its budding charms;” while around the place “flowerets and fruits kiss to perfection?” Were it on no other grounds than those of taste, how decidedly objectionable!

But enough both of praise and censure. Had we not thought highly of the author's talents, we would not have entered into such detailed criticism: as it is, we look upon *The Opening of the Sixth Seal* to be a volume containing much poetry, and still more promise.

A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of Dutch, French, and Flemish Painters. By John Smith, Dealer in Pictures, late of Great Marlborough Street. Part I. 8vo. pp. 412. London, 1829. Smith and Son.

To all persons fond of, or connected with, the fine arts, and especially to the collector, whether amateur or professional, Mr. Smith's book must be highly acceptable. Besides a copious description of the principal works of the artists to whom it refers, it contains short biographical notices of the artists themselves, a statement of the prices at which their pictures have been sold at public sales on the Continent and in England, a reference to the galleries and private collections in which a large portion of those pictures are at present, and the names of the artists by whom they have been engraved. Mr. Smith states, that the materials from which his work is composed are the results of the observations of many years employed in collecting, in France, Germany, Holland, and England; and that he has derived much information from the Dutch and French catalogues of pictures; to the writers of whom he pays a high tribute of praise for their talents, as well as for their correctness and veracity.

Mr. Smith has very judiciously published at present only one part of his work. The remainder, which will be comprised in five vols., he intends to publish by subscription. The present Part comprehends a description of nearly twelve hundred of the principal pictures of Gerard Dow, Peter Van Slingelandt, Francis Van Mieris, William Van Mieris, Adrian Ostade, Isaac Ostade, and Philip Wouvermans. With the descriptions are occasionally mingled critical remarks; but Mr. Smith, with great propriety, says, “he has scrupulously abstained from observations upon pictures which might tend to injure their value, and thereby occasion a loss to the individual holders of them; but he does not feel that the same forbearance is necessary with respect to pictures in public galleries: the latter are open to fair criticism, and the writer has not hesitated to make remarks upon them whenever he thought they would conduce to the information of the amateur.”

The passage which we have just quoted is from the Introduction to the volume. That

Introduction also contains a statement of some of the dangers to which collectors of pictures are exposed from the tricks of fraudulent dealers; and as the statement may put some of our readers on their guard against being taken in by similar practices, we will extract it.

“In exhibiting the various deceptions and manoeuvres of designing dealers, it will be proper to commence with that which is most common; namely, placing the name of a first-rate master upon a picture by an imitator, or on a copy, which is frequently disguised by dirt and varnish, &c.; but a copy (if modern) may be easily detected by its newness, as, on being pressed by the nail, the colour will be found to be still soft. These fabricators disguise a copy by dirt and varnish, using especial care to have it painted upon an old canvass or panel, to which seals and other documents are attached at the back, so that unguarded purchasers are often deceived by apparently the most authentic evidences of originality. Amateurs are frequently invited to look at cases of pictures, which are said to be just arrived from the Continent. This invitation is accompanied by a plausible history of the collection, from whence they are said to be derived; perhaps that of ‘some ancient family in Italy or Holland.’ Their assurances are occasionally strengthened by invoices, letters, and other corroborative documents: thus suspicion is so lulled, that the gentleman intended to be duped readily accompanies the agent (for principals are rarely seen in these matters) to the custom-house, or warehouse, where he sees the foreign case opened; is full of confidence, and buys a *Van Stry* for a *Cuyp*; a *Begyn* for a *Berghem* or *Both*; and a *Camphuyzen* for a *Paul Potter*; or the works of any other imitator, or analogous painter, for those of the first-rate masters! Another artful method, which frequently misleads amateurs, is a plausible tale or history of a picture, accompanied by high encomiums of its excellence and value; this is followed by the demand of an enormous price, which is lowered gradually, until the wary dealer catches at an offer, which he, with some specious excuse and apparent difficulty, accepts, although it be but a third, or even a quarter, of the sum asked; and the purchaser ultimately discovers that he has bought a copy, or an imitation, instead of an original picture; and that a painting for which he has given five or six hundred pounds is barely worth one hundred. Another scheme is to place pictures in an auction, and to run them up to large sums, in order to give them a fictitious value, with the hope of entrapping some unwary bidder: should this fail, the picture is afterwards put up at some other auction, with an observation that it was formerly sold for the sum at which it had been knocked down at a previous sale, and the sacrifice of half, or two-thirds, of that apparent purchase-money, is perhaps an inducement to an unsuspecting spectator to bid, and to become the unfortunate buyer. Gentlemen are frequently beguiled to purchase a picture which is stated to be by some first-rate master, and is partly confirmed as such, by having been in some distinguished collection, and as having been exhibited in the British Gallery—nay, more, engraved: still the picture is a mere copy, or a good imitation, at best. The writer could point out pictures of this sort, which, having passed through his hands with the name of the artist upon them, have afterwards been sold and exhibited under a different appellation; of course, one of higher request in the market. Another plan, very extensively practised by certain dealers, and by which one

or two apparently knowing ones have been duped, as well as less cautious gentlemen who do not buy with a view to profit, is, the placing of old, or purposely dirtied pictures, at *brokers'* or old clothes' and other shops, where the vendors appear to know nothing whatever about them; but they tell some simple story of having bought them at an 'old mansion in the country'; or, of 'an antiquated lady, in whose family they are said to have been for the last two centuries.' A tale of this description, related in a plain, and seemingly artless, manner, is listened to with avidity by many, who would shew less credulity if treating with one whom they supposed conversant with the value of pictures. The purchaser imagines that he is buying a great bargain of a poor ignorant man, but ultimately discovers which has been the dupe; but those who are so duped have scarcely a right to complain, for it is well known, that some that have bought sad trash in this way, will not buy of one whom they know to be well acquainted with the value of works of art, as supposing that they cannot obtain a bargain. To guard against the above impositions, and others equally mortifying, the writer would recommend amateurs, previously to purchasing pictures of value, to obtain the opinion of some one conversant with works of art, whom they may safely consult, or to apply to a dealer of acknowledged respectability. The writer strongly recommends these precautions, as the best means of avoiding imposition, and of preventing that disgust which gentlemen invariably feel on discovering that they have been duped, by the purchase of copies instead of the originals: a disgust so powerful, that many, in the warmth of their just displeasure, have sold off their pictures, and turned away for ever from the delightful pursuits of collecting works of art. To prevent such results in future, to rescue the respectable part of the profession from the disgrace of being classed with fraudulent *charlatans*, and to prevent, as much as possible, the loss which the arts must suffer when amateurs cease to purchase, the writer has ventured to point out some of the most prominent tricks of those who disgrace the commerce of pictures. Before closing this unpleasant subject, it may not be considered altogether inappropriate to glance at a system of dealing, in which a certain class of pictures is found to be a most convenient medium, on account of their indefinite value: the writer alludes to the traffic of bill discounting, and the purchase of post-obits. The necessitous applicants to these unmerciful and ruinous accommodators are usually compelled to take a third, and sometimes one half, the amount of their bonds, or bills, in pictures, which, of course, are ascribed to the best masters, and valued accordingly at enormous prices. By this nefarious practice some have enriched themselves, and are now living in affluence. An instance of this sort of dealing occurred very lately, in which a collection of pictures, valued to the needy gentleman at £5000, did not net at auction £500!"

We hope that Mr. Smith may be induced to proceed with the publication of his work. If he should obtain a number of subscribers sufficiently large to justify him in doing so, he announces that his second volume will contain the works of Rubens and Vandyke.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Catholic Church Invulnerable and Invincible. 12mo. pp. 263. London. J. Flint. As this volume has reached us, with "the author's Christian regards," we should be

worse than heathens not to notice it with our critical regards. It is an explication of the creed of Pius IV., and a zealous denunciation of the Church of Rome, its infidel principles, and temporal ambition.

Christianity, Protestantism, and Popery, compared and contrasted. 8vo. pp. 254. London, 1829. S. Maunder.

This is a volume which will find great favour in the eyes of all true church-going Protestants. It is indeed a strong anti-Romish production, and displays very considerable popular abilities.

Hints originally intended for the Small Farmers of the County of Wexford, but suited to the circumstances of many parts of Ireland. By Martin Doyle. 2d edition. Dublin, 1829. Curry and Co.

THESE Hints, or comments, upon agriculture, originally appeared in a Wexford newspaper. They are generally attributed to a gentleman named Hickie, who, in the homely guise, or rather disguise, of Martin Doyle, lectures his poorer countrymen on the various points of rural economy; and most excellent is the advice he gives them. We should wish to see this pamphlet in the hands of every Irish farmer; for we have seldom met with any book more convincing in argument, or in style so well adapted to the class to which it is addressed.

From the Recommendations respecting Cottage Cleanliness we are tempted to extract an illustration, as it affords at once an admirable picture of Irish life and of the patriotic Martin Doyle's mode of writing.

"I would not throw away lime and sand upon those who are satisfied with the outward look (of their cottages), like Jenny Dempsey, who lives near me. But probably you don't know who Jenny Dempsey is: so it is but civil of me to inform you. She is a tenant's daughter of mine, who was married about four years ago to a man called 'the hurler.' I gave them four acres of land at one pound an acre, with a snug well-thatched cabin, besides a small cow-house, dairy, and pig-sty—(quite enough for the size of the farm)—lime and sand for dashing, bricks for a chimney, cottage windows that open and shut upon hinges, and paint for them and the two doors;—back and front, every thing was as nice as you please. When the judges came to decide the premiums, the windows were bright, the gravel-walk without a weed, the cabbages fresh earthed in the little garden, the pig snug and clean in her sty, and the bees (which every one of you should have) swarming that very day; Jenny, herself, and the children, as tidy as you can imagine; and the 'hurler' himself had the knees of his small clothes actually buttoned and tied. Thinks I to myself, what a fine example to the rest of my tenants this family will be! But I am very sorry to tell you, that Jenny disappointed me after all. I went there about six weeks afterwards, and found the pig splashing and dashing the potato-wash about the floor of the kitchen; six couple of young chickens were picking up what he threw about; a goat was tearing the woodbine and roses that I had myself nailed on the front wall; and what was worse, three panes of glass were knocked out (I believe by that same rascally goat), and 'the hurler's' old breeches and his father's wig were clapped into their place just to keep out the wind; and Jenny herself, instead of a tight bed-gown, had a dirty night-cap, and a long draggled-tailed gown, as black as the pot—to say nothing of the children, who

looked as if they hadn't been troubled with a comb or soap since the judges had paid them a visit. 'Oh, Jenny Dempsey!' says I; 'what a sample of house-keeping you are after shewing me this blessed day!' Well, what was her excuse, do you think, for all this slovenliness and neglect?—*She didn't expect me that day! if she knew that I was coming, the dirty cap and the dirty long-tailed gown would have been off, and the children washed, and the pig in the sty, and the floor swept, and the windows mended, and the wig and the breeches decently hung upon the peg in the bed-room.* This is precisely the kind of excuse which one-half of you would offer for every-day filthiness; but, believe me, tidiness will cost very little—method will keep all things together as they should be, if once properly set going."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 5th April.

PUBLIC improvements are still the order of the day here, but most of the speculators complain that they do not get a common interest of five per cent for the employment of their capital. This will, it is said, be the case with the splendid improvements making in the Palais Royal by the Duke of Orleans. The increased rent of the shops in the New Gallery will be very inadequate to the sums laid out: the embellishment, however, is one which does the duke much credit—the new gallery, when complete, will be one of the handsomest in Europe.

Literature seems to flourish: new literary journals appear daily, and all that are well executed succeed. In addition to the numerous literary and scientific papers of the ordinary size, there is one, called *Le Voleur*, which is almost as large as the *Times*: it is rather a clever paper, and is becoming a favourite.

At the theatre, there is little to notice. *Le Muet de Portici fait fureur*, as the French call it, at the Académie de Musique; and the *Sept Heures*, of the Porte St. Martin, is so attractive, that a crowd assemble at the doors two or three hours before the regular time for opening them. The Italian Theatre is closed for the season; but Laurent has announced a re-opening for the performance of German operas. Madame Malibran Garcia took her benefit on Thursday last, when she had a crowded house at doubled prices. The *marchands de billets*, who had, on the first announcement, purchased tickets upon speculation, were able to dispose of them at an enormous profit. Twenty francs were paid for a seat in the pit, and thirty-five francs for a stall. There is no prospect of another English company appearing in Paris: the indifferent actors who composed the majority of the last company disappointed the French; and the rage for English plays seems to be gone by. Even Miss Smithson has in some degree lost her popularity. Abbott has left Paris, after attempting to amuse the Parisians at *la Mathews*.

A curious little book, called "*Appel aux Français*," has made its appearance here: it is a proposal for reforming the orthography of the French language, by spelling it in most cases as it is pronounced. The book had a prodigious sale—some say 30,000 copies were disposed of. The third volume of Vidocq has sold very well: it gives a correct picture of French manners in low society, and is *piquant*. The fourth volume is expected in a few days.

Some interesting discoveries were lately made at Rouen. The workmen employed at the cathedral, found, at twenty feet below the surface of the earth, the remains of Roman ma-

soury, and near it the soil of a meadow. It would appear that at the time when this masonry was erected, the bed of the river, now more than twenty feet below the level of the earth upon which this portion of the cathedral stands, was only four feet lower than the soil of this meadow.

The mania for horse-racing in France seems to have subsided a little; but great attention is still paid to the breed of horses for hunting, and for the better kind of carriage-horses. The exportation of horses from France, from 1823 to 1827 inclusively, was 16,000, of which nearly one third were sent to Spain, and about one sixth to England. The importation during the same period was 109,500, of which more than one half were from the Netherlands and Switzerland, and one twentieth from England. Among the latter, however, there were several horses of great value. The importation has fallen off nearly one half since 1823—the breeders and others being now well supplied.

An engraving is being made here of the colossal block of granite which has been cut for the new museum at Berlin. When entire, this block weighed nearly 6,000 quintals; and it is now said to weigh 1,600 quintals. It is sixty-eight feet in circumference, and in diameter twenty-two feet.

One of the most favourite pieces now playing in Paris is the *Henri III* of the *Français*. This, although deprived of the attraction of novelty, continues to bring crowded audiences. It is indeed a very clever production, and its defects serve but to set off the brilliancy of its beauties. The author of this piece, which approaches nearer to the style and freedom of Shakespeare than any thing else on the French stage, is a young man who held an appointment in the household of the Duke of Orleans, of about 1800 francs per annum (less than 70*l.*) In this situation he was far from giving satisfaction, as he neglected its duties for the study of literature. The duke, after repeated complaints, at length addressed M. Dumar on the subject, in nearly the following language. "Sad complaints are made of you, but I overlook them. You are fond of literature; apply to it: relinquish all other pursuits, and retain your salary. If within two years you produce any work of merit, rely upon my proving your friend; if you cannot do so, abandon your penchant, and return steadily to business." The duke's liberal offer was accepted; and in less than six months, two pieces, *Henri III* and *Christine* were read with acclamation by the committee of the Théâtre Français. *Christine* has not yet been acted; but it is said to be superior to *Henri III*, for the copyright of which the author has received 10,000 francs. This anecdote, which I have from a very respectable source, and which is generally credited, has added much to the popularity of the Duke of Orleans. As to the young author, his fortune is made. Should *Christine* succeed, of which there is little doubt, the tax upon the performance of the two plays throughout the country will produce him a very handsome income. It must be confessed, that the encouragement which dramatic authors receive here is very superior to that which they meet with in England.

The vacancy in the French Academy, occasioned by the death of M. Auger, has been filled by the election of M. Etienne.

The cultivation of maize is likely to become general in France. At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris on the 31st ult., it was proposed to give a prize of

1500 francs value to the author of the best essay on the cultivation of Indian corn in the four departments surrounding Paris, with a view to render this grain useful for the nourishment of the human species, particularly children. Hitherto it has been grown chiefly in the south of France, as food for cattle and fowls. It is a singular fact, that fowls fed exclusively upon this food have a yellow appearance.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

APRIL 3d. — Mr. Faraday this evening delivered a lecture "On Mr. Wheatstone's illustrations of the resonance or reciprocated vibrations of volumes of air." The reciprocation of simple columns of air and other gases to the vibrations of a tuning fork, the tongue of a Jew's harp and that of the *Æolina*, were first considered by Mr. Faraday: after this, the important effect of reciprocation in augmenting the sound of the *Æolina*, either when applied to the mouth or to other cavities, was shewn, the instrument being without such additional effect almost inaudible at a few feet distance: it was likewise shewn, that an important influence is often produced by multiple resonances upon a first sound, where what is frequently imagined to be due to a change in the quality, is in reality dependent upon the existence of other and simultaneous sounds with that supposed to be altered. When illustrating the resonance of the irregular volume of air in the mouth, &c., Mr. Faraday stated that it was possible to divide the mouth by the tongue into two cavities, the air in each of which could be made either by resonance or immediate vibration to yield its own particular sound. At this period of Mr. Faraday's observations, a gentleman (Mr. Morrison) came forward and demonstrated the possibility of producing two simultaneous sounds from the mouth, by whistling first a simple air, and then performing in two parts; and that with such clearness and effect, that no one who heard it could doubt the existence of two sounds at once,—the effect being in no degree like that of a rapid transition from one sound to another. The resonance of the air in the cavities of the ears was then considered, and explained with great perspicuity. The lecturer next pointed out the construction and mode of application of Mr. Wheatstone's single and double microphone: the latter consists of two plates of metal of one inch in size, so as to cover the cavities of the ears; each plate has a wire about one-eighth of an inch in diameter rivetted at one end at right angles into its centre: the wires being about eighteen inches long, are bent round a little distance from the plates, and brought together side by side at the extremities, where they are united by brazing, and jointly filed to a point. When this instrument is used, the plates are put over the ears, the spring of the wires holding them with sufficient force against the head; the point or apex of the microphone is then to be brought into contact with any part the phonic vibrations of which are to be ascertained. The vibrations are conducted along the wire, and being communicated to the plates which close the ears, these vibrations are reciprocated by the enclosed volumes of air, and the nerves of the ears powerfully affected. By the use of this instrument the vibrating parts of the sounding-board of a guitar, harp, or other instrument, can be at once ascertained, and the irregular sources of noise and mechanical action

in machinery discovered, when every other trial has failed. So powerful is the effect of the microphone upon the ear, that by it the most uninitiated can at once be made to perceive the effect of chord and discord.

In connexion with the subject of phonics, discussed in the theatre of the Institution, Mr. Curtis, whose acoustic labours are well known, exhibited a newly invented hearing-trumpet having two apertures, one directed to the ear, and the other to the mouth,—an improvement which promises great advantage in cases which do not admit of cure: it was stated that the idea originated with Sir Edward Stracey, Bart.; and its decided utility over other acoustic tubes, in affections of the ear in all the different stages of disease, is affirmed by Mr. Curtis. Several donations connected with literature and the arts were also on the library-table.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

APRIL 6. The most numerous attended assembly of the present season took place at the Hall of the College this evening; Sir Henry Hallford, bart. the President, in the chair.

Dr. Macmichael read a paper by Sir Anthony Carlisle, President of the College of Surgeons, on the use of the spleen and thyroid gland,—subjects hitherto considered extremely obscure: the communication was full of ingenious and, to a certain degree, original observations. In consequence of the unavoidable technicalities employed in the details, the paper was perhaps chiefly interesting to the members of the profession who heard it read. The author concludes, that the office of the two organs whose functions were considered, was, of the first, to impart heat to the stomach; and of the second, to the organ of voice. Several curious physiological remarks were brought forward in the course of the details; perhaps the most original of which was the notion, that what has hitherto been considered a disease—on the Continent termed the *goitre*, and in this country the "Derbyshire neck"—is, in fact, neither more nor less than a provision of nature to counteract the effects of extreme and sudden cold applied to the throat. Hence it is, that the inhabitants of whole districts in the mountainous parts of Switzerland, who are in the constant habit of drinking snow-water, as is well known, have such an enlargement. Full justice, however, cannot be done to the paper without introducing terms of art which would mystify the subject to all but professional readers.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 6. Joseph Moore, M.D. President, in the chair. — A paper "on Phrenological pathology" was read by Dr. Epps; in which he reviewed the controversial opinions respecting the injuries and diseases of the brain, and endeavoured to prove that the peculiar function of the part or organ so injured or diseased is always morbidly affected. In confirmation of the fact, Dr. Epps cited several cases, many of which had come under his own inspection. He then proceeded to state the benefits likely to result to society from the extension of the science of phrenology amongst medical men, and considered that it would form a new epoch in the annals of medicine. Several cases in support of these opinions were mentioned by Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Wright, and Dr. Moore. Mr. Cooper furnished a brief history of the character of William Pearce, in whom the organs of wit and imitation were pre-eminently developed. A mask of the late Judge Heath, and a cast of the head of Mr. Thomas

Taylor the Platonist, were presented by Dr. Wright.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

LETTERS from Sydney to the 7th of October, and journals to the 4th of the same month, announce the arrival of his majesty's ship the *Rainbow*, Captain Rous, from a voyage of discovery. The captain has discovered two large rivers to the north of Sydney, in which there is safe and convenient anchorage. He proceeded a considerable way up these rivers, and found the country well wooded, the climate fine, and the soil, as he judged, very rich. He called one of these rivers "Clarence," and the other "Richmond" River: they are between Sydney Bay and Moreton Bay. Clarence River, the mouth of which is in lat. 28°, is presumed to issue from the great lake lately discovered in the interior of the country.

EXPERIMENTS WITH PRUSSIC ACID.

A GREAT number of experiments with prussic acid was made in the early part of the last month by Mr. Henderson, a medical student at New York. This gentleman states, that having great doubts on the subject of the reports which had been given of the power of hydrocyanic (prussic) acid, he procured a quantity of two sorts—the pure, as it is made in its greatest possible strength, and the medicinal acid, as made by Garden, of London, which is of about one-seventh the strength of the pure acid. Mr. Henderson first rubbed three drops of the pure acid upon his naked arm, the effect of which was to make him stagger considerably, so as to keep with great difficulty from falling. An intense pain of the head succeeded, with a difficulty of sight; but this was not of long duration, and a strong taste of bitter almonds remained in the mouth for two hours. At the end of that time he recovered, and was as well as if nothing had happened. On the following day he swallowed eight drops of the acid as it is used in medicine, and increased the dose within the space of three days to sixteen drops at each dose, twice a-day; but his head and sight became so violently affected, that he relinquished his experiments, &c. upon himself, and was several days before he completely recovered. He then tried the effect of the pure acid upon animals. A cat upon whose nose he had rubbed four drops, walked a distance of eight or ten yards without the slightest appearance of being at all affected; but it then suddenly stopped, leaped into the air, and fell again dead. He then held a pen, the feather of which had been dipped into the acid, in an iron cage in which two rats were confined, so as to irritate them, and cause them to snap at the feather: they had no sooner done so, than they fell as if they had been shot. A large dog of the Newfoundland species was killed within three minutes by four drops of the acid being poured into its nostrils; whilst another dog of similar size and breed had a drachm of the common acid, such as is used in medicine, and with which several persons have recently destroyed themselves in this country, poured down its throat without effect. Whether this difference was to be attributed to the change which the acid undergoes by dilution, or to a difference of nervous sensibility in the animals, Mr. Henderson does not state,—probably to both. He mentions, indeed, that whilst he has seen one man take six drops of the medicinal acid four times a-day without apparent effect, another from merely smelling at the bottle in which it was contained, has been compelled to keep his bed for

several hours. Upon frogs and other cold-blooded animals the acid had very little effect. Two frogs, upon the soft parts of which he had rubbed a considerable quantity of the pure acid, suffered for a time as if from intoxication, and then recovered and hopped away. Upon insects of different kinds the effects were very curious. On the first application of the acid they curled up their legs, and were to all appearance dead; but in the course of a few hours, many of them, after exuding a black fluid, recovered life and strength. Mr. Henderson, in the paper from which this account is taken, gives several cases of remarkable cures in stomach complaints, and in indigestion generally, from the use of the prussic acid; but he states that its effects are so different in different persons, that it can never be prescribed with safety by the physician who has not been well acquainted with the constitution and previous habits of his patient:—to use his own words, "it is a medicine to be prescribed only to a physician by a physician."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, April 4.—On Thursday the following degree was conferred:

Master of Arts.—Rev. J. Sayer, Merton College.

CAMBRIDGE, April 3.—The Chancellor's gold medals for the two best proficients in classical learning among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Saturday last adjudged to Mr. W. A. Soames, of Trinity College, and Mr. W. Martin, of St. John's College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 9th. The President in the chair.—Dr. Wilson Phillips' paper on the physiology of the nervous system was resumed and concluded. Lord De Dunstanville, on being proposed by the president, was, by an immediate ballot, elected a fellow of the Society: William Pole, esq., and David Pollock, esq. both of Lincoln's Inn, were also elected fellows.

The new volume of *Memoirs* published by the Società Italiana, at Modena, and the last three parts of Professor Cauchy's *Exercices de Mathématiques*, were among the presents.

March 26. The President in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, "An experimental inquiry into the physiological effects of oxygen gas upon the animal system," by S. D. Broughton, Esq., F.G.S.; communicated by B. C. Brodie, Esq.

Although it has long been known that the respiration of pure oxygen gas is destructive to life, some differences of opinion have existed with respect to the physiological conditions of the animals subjected to its influence; and also with regard to the quantity of oxygen consumed under these circumstances, compared with that consumed by the respiration of atmospheric air. With a view to elucidate some of these points, the author confined rabbits, guinea-pigs, and sparrows, in glass jars inverted over water, containing oxygen gas, obtained from black oxide of magnesia by a red heat. The animals at first appeared to suffer no inconvenience from the respiration of the gas; but after some time, generally in about an hour, their breathing became hurried, and their circulation accelerated. This state of excitement was followed by an opposite one of debility; the respirations became feeble, and were more slowly performed; loss of sensibility and of the power of voluntary motion gradually supervened, till the only remaining visible action was a slight one of the diaphragm, occurring at distant intervals. On opening the body, under these circumstances, and also after the entire cessation of the movements of the diaphragm, the breast was found

to be still in vigorous action; the blood in every part of the vascular system, both venous and arterial, was of a bright scarlet hue; it was remarkably thin, and rapidly coagulated; and the temperature of the body continued undiminished. If before the diaphragm has ceased to act, the animal is removed from the vessel to the open air, it generally either recovers spontaneously, or its animation may be restored by artificially inflating the lungs with atmospheric air. The author found that the gas in which animals had thus been confined till they died, retains its power of re-kindling a blown-out taper, and of sustaining for a time the life of another animal introduced into it; and he hence deduces the inference, that it does not contain so great an excess of carbonic acid as the gas left when animals have perished by confinement in atmospheric air. He considers the train of symptoms induced by the respiration of pure oxygen gas as analogous to those which follow the absorption of certain poisons into the system.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Wednesday, at a meeting of the council, the President, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, in the chair, the two gold medals (of the value of fifty guineas each), which his Majesty graciously places every year at the disposal of the Society, were adjudged to Baron Silvestre de Sacy and to Mr. Roscoe,—the former so eminent in the literature of France, and the latter so distinguished in that of our own country. Though hardly becoming in us, as public journalists, to express an opinion on this subject, we cannot help pointing to this award as a manifest proof of the liberality and impartial judgment with which the affairs of the Royal Society of Literature continue to be administered. Nothing of party or exclusive feeling has ever crept into its councils; and it is not, therefore, surprising, that it should proceed, doing honour to literary merit, and fulfilling the objects of its illustrious and munificent founder, George IV.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

APRIL 4. Colonel Tod in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, "On the diplomatic relations between the courts of Constantinople and Delhi in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," by the Chevalier de Hammer, F.M.R.A.S. A list of very interesting and valuable donations to the Society were enumerated: amongst them was a splendid copy of Roxburgh's *Coromandel Plants*, presented by T. Snodgrass, Esq.; a curious portrait of Chang-kih-urh, the late unsuccessful rebel in Chinese Tartary; together with a Translation of a *Manifesto of the Triad Society*,* lately found in the English burial-ground at Macao, presented by Dr. Morrison. Colonel Briggs presented a copy of his Translation of *Ferishta's Mahomedan History*; Colonel d'Arcy a very beautiful Persian MS., the *Makhzan al Asrar* of Sheikh Nizami; Professor Schmidt a copy of his *History of the Eastern Mongols*; several other presents were also made.

KING'S COLLEGE.

It is said, and we shall be glad to hear it confirmed, that the committee of this Institution, finding that the present state of their funds will not allow of any considerable number of scholars being accommodated within its walls, have the intention of recommending that boarders shall be received by the professors, tutors, and others connected with the College,

* Carboni &c.

upon certain terms, and under strict regulations as to discipline, to be laid down and sanctioned hereafter by its council. We really conceive that this measure will be far more conducive to the moral and intellectual well-being, and to the health, of its pupils, than if they were congregated in a dense mass within the precincts of the College itself.

Much has been said respecting the intended site at Somerset House; but we have heard nothing yet which points at any situation so eligible and so convenient for the purposes of such an establishment, when it is considered that the College is designed to diffuse its benefits as universally as possible among the widely-spread population of this metropolis. Had it been erected at Brompton, under what circumstances would these benefits have been placed within the reach of youth domiciliated with their parents in the northern, eastern, or southern quarters of London? Or, even could the site in the Regent's Park have been obtained (which it could not), hundreds of the rising generation of the city, of the Surrey suburbs, and of Westminster and its vicinity, would have been excluded from the participation of its means and advantages. We are convinced, therefore, that the proprietors will feel that the committee have deserved well of them, and of their fellow-citizens at large, by the selection of the site near Somerset House; and if it be objected, that the Strand and its vicinity are the open resort of vice, we answer, that his Majesty's present government do not intend that the most public thoroughfare in London should continue to exhibit a scene which would not be permitted to disgrace those capitals in Europe which are, intrinsically, far more depraved in the state of their morals, and far less adorned by the exercise of the active virtues of Christianity.

THE LITERARY FUND.

PREPARING for their anniversary on the 13th of May, we were glad to find, at the last monthly meeting of the Society, on Wednesday, that the list of stewards has been much enriched since our former notice, and that many distinguished visitors are expected. To the noble and literary names we formerly mentioned (March 28, *L. G.*) have been added those of Mr. H. N. Coleridge, Dr. Lardner, the Rev. Mr. Stebbing, Mr. Children, Mr. Gooden, and others: the Duke of Somerset (president) invites many individuals of celebrity, both foreign and native: and, altogether, we anticipate a brilliant meeting in support of this admirable charity.

FRENCH ACADEMY.

At a recent sitting of the French Academy, the vacancy among the foreign members, occasioned by the death of Dr. Wollaston, was filled up. The names offered were Messrs. Bessel, of Königsberg; Blumenbach, of Göttingen; Robert Brown, of London; De Bucha, of Berlin; Dalton, of Manchester; Leslie, of Edinburgh; Ersted, of Copenhagen; Olbers, of Bremen; Plana, of Turin; and Semmering, of Frankfort. Of fifty-four votes, M. Olbers obtained thirty-nine, Mr. Dalton fourteen, and M. Plana one. In consequence, M. Olbers was elected, subject to the approbation of the King. M. Olbers is the learned astronomer to whom science is indebted for the discovery of two planets.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

(Third Notice.)

THE portrait department of the Suffolk Street Exhibition can boast of many examples in which the highest qualities of the art are finely displayed. First in rank and station is No. 131. *Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.* H. E. Dawe. Distinguished for talent is No. 8, *Portrait of James Montgomery, Esq., author of the World before the Flood, &c.* W. Poole. In No. 185, *Portrait of a Gentleman*, J. Simpson, we have a picture uniting all the best properties of portraiture: the features are beautifully drawn, and nothing can exceed the solidity and harmony of the colouring. No. 192, *Portrait of G. H. Rodwell, Esq.* J. Knight, shows a great advance in this promising artist. No. 54, *Portrait of R. Mott, Esq.* and No. 85, *Portrait of the Hon. C. A. Murray*, J. Lonsdale, are admirable specimens of this artist's clear and fluent pencil. No. 42, *Corinne*, Mrs. Pearson, is evidently a portrait, and is a very pleasing proof of Mrs. Pearson's taste and talent. In the same point of view we consider No. 29, *Emmeline*, F. Howard; although its character and expression answer well to the quotation annexed to it in the Catalogue. With the last two we rank No. 187, *An Eastern Girl feeding Kids*, J. Y. Hurlstone, a very clever composition. In the Entrance-room, No. 290, *Portrait of John Adolphus, Esq.* G. O. Nash, is ably executed, and is a striking resemblance of the celebrated barrister.

No. 89. *The Profligate's Return from the Ale-house.* E. Prentiss.—The artist must have well studied the chief character in this scene of domestic misery: a face of more intense and revolting brutality we have never seen upon canvas; and it loses nothing of its force by the contrast which it exhibits to the half-hidden countenance of the suffering wife. The various indications of want in the apartment are ingeniously conceived and exceedingly well executed.

No. 99. *A View of the Town of Berkhamstead, with a rustic wedding party, escorted by old Youthful, who for the last sixty years has been the celebrated Fiddler of the neighbourhood.* H. Hawkins.—Localities of this kind are always amusing to those who are acquainted with the places and characters represented; but the vicinity of this performance to that last mentioned gives it a more general interest. If the young and gay couple who are following their musical guide were to be presented by some benevolent hand with a print from Mr. Prentiss's picture, might it not have a most salutary influence on their future lives? Why do not our Societies for the improvement of the people avail themselves of the fine arts, as at least a powerful auxiliary in the attainment of their laudable object? They may depend upon it that "the ocular proof" of the miserable consequences of vice hanging on the walls of a cottage, would have more effect than a hundred moral essays hidden in the cupboard. With the facilities which lithography and steel plates afford, infinite good might be accomplished in this way at a very moderate expense.

No. 423. *Gold Fish.* Miss Wroughton.—In the march of art, as of intellect, our female contemporaries keep pace with the other sex. This performance, under its unassuming title, presents qualities in composition, effect, colouring, and execution, that would do credit to any painter, ancient or modern. The objects are principally those of still life; there is, however,

a figure introduced which is in perfect keeping with the rest of this powerful and admirable work.

No. 430. *Composition of Fruit.* J. Holland.—This, and No. 283, *Fruit*, by the same artist, are beautiful performances; and have a truth and simplicity, as well as a harmony of colour and a mellow depth of tone, which gives them an interest beyond that usually attaching to subjects of this class.

No. 417. *Cattle Piece.* J. Dearman.—Mr. Dearman has already distinguished himself in compositions of this kind; but it behoves him to look attentively at what has been done in ancient and modern art in the path he has chosen. Although rather too hardly marked, the drawing and character of the head of his bull are exceedingly well expressed; but the leg and hind quarters of the animal appear as if cut out, instead of possessing the roundness of a limb. Nor do we think that Mr. Dearman has been quite successful in the pencilling of the coat. Time and observation, however, will, we have no doubt, enable this promising artist to realise all the expectations which his various performances have excited.

No. 429. *Sauve qui peut!* J. J. Audubon.—This whimsical title is admirably borne out by a representation of the confusion and flight of pheasant and partridge, on which a canine enemy has suddenly rushed, and on which he is inflicting and havoc. All is feathery fright and bustle; and we admire the ingenuity of the artist in contriving to give an additional interest to a careful and well-understood study of individual nature.

No. 397. *The Falls of Machno, and the Pandw Mill, North Wales.* E. Goodall.—Niagara, and other stupendous natural exhibitions of a similar kind, might fill the mind with more of awe and wonder; but we doubt whether the eye of the amateur or the artist would not receive more gratification from this picturesque little splash of water, springing from crag to crag, breaking into white spray, and sparkling in the sun. With a little more sacrifice to concentration of effect, Mr. Goodall's clever performance might vie with the works of Ruysdael.

No. 369. *The Sibyl.* J. Inskipp.—This picture claims our applause, as far as regards power and mellowness of tone, and free and efficient execution: but was there no ugly old woman to be found to bring in contrast with the fair and youthful dupe of gipsy art? As it is, we hardly know whether to present the golden apple, the prize of superior beauty, to the fortune-teller or to the fortune-tellee. The dog is admirably painted, and its introduction conveys a pleasing idea of guardianship and safety.

No. 434. *The Pear.* W. Kidd.—We would recommend to this artist a little more care in the colouring of his flesh, and a little more attention to the concentration of his light. The effect of his pictures is frequently impaired by the number and the scattering of his objects.

No. 392. *Hampstead Heath, painted on the spot.* T. C. Hoffman.—It is unnecessary to repeat our commendations of Mr. Hoffman's performances. His studies from nature, especially, have always attracted the attention of both the artist and the amateur. The scene which he has here chosen must daily increase in interest, from the probability of its soon sharing the fate of other picturesque beauties in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis. Our speculating capitalists are constantly driving the cattle to distant pastures; brick and lime are spread over green meadows; high walls

have succeeded to hedge-rows; and, if the rage goes on,

"From the centre all round to the sea,
We scarcely shall meet with a tree."

No. 380. *A Scene near the Source of the Medway*. F. R. Lee.—Another of those familiar scenes which come recommended to our notice by their truth and simplicity, though in a different manner from the last-mentioned performance. In fact, the diversity of landscape is perhaps more extensive than that of any other department of art. If to the two pictures to which we have just adverted, we add No. 171, *The Broken Bridge*, by J. O'Connor, that diversity will be rendered still more obvious. The style and character of Mr. O'Connor's works have always struck us as eminently original; uniting much of the poetry of art to the most picturesque forms of nature.

[To be continued.]

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ON Wednesday this Society observed its sixth anniversary, with a dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird in the chair, supported by Lords Durham and Glenorchy, and other lovers of the fine arts. In returning thanks for the toast of "Prosperity to the Association," Mr. Hofland, the Secretary, stated that above 2500*l.* had already been paid for pictures in the present Exhibition in Suffolk Street. Persevering and increased exertions were recommended, to enable the Society to surmount the difficulties yet attached to it, though it has heretofore done as much as its early friends and patrons could fairly anticipate.

MR. HAYDON'S EUCLES.

THIS classic picture is now exhibiting in Bond Street, in an unfinished state, courting the criticisms of the connoisseurs;—rather a novel experiment in the art, if we do not refer to the well-known story of ancient times, of the painter who pleased every body and nobody. For ourselves, we shall only say at present that Eucles is a noble and spirited composition of a very high class.

THE MONTGOMERY GALLERY.

THIS newly opened and interesting gallery (in Regent Street) consists, principally, of ten pictures, (of considerable size, painted by Mr. J. Rawson Walker, to illustrate as many passages in Mr. James Montgomery's fine poem of "the World before the Flood.") Although a little too artificial, and occasionally reminding the spectator too much of the palette, some of these works exhibit beautiful, and others sublime, conceptions, which are highly creditable both to the young artist by whom they have been executed, and to the veteran poet to whom they owe their birth. Mr. Walker is evidently a man of no ordinary powers; and if, after this unrestrained indulgence of his imagination, he can return for a while to the severe labour of a close study of nature, and especially of all those various and characteristic details which she delights to develop as she approaches the eye, we have no doubt that he may place himself in the foremost ranks of the art.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portraits and Memoirs of the most Illustrious Personages of British History. By Edmund Lodge, Esq., Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A. Monthly edition. No. IV. Harding and Lepard.

THE brave, but weak and vain Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the learned and discreet Queen Catharine Par, and the wealthy and

sagacious Sir Thomas Gresham, are the subjects of the Memoirs and Illustrations in the fourth Number of the third edition of this beautiful and national work.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare. By F. Howard. No. XII. Cadell and Co.

THIS Number of Mr. Howard's clever work contains twelve plates from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and eight from *Love's Labour's Lost*. Among the former, the detection of Valentine by the Duke, and among the latter, the King and his Nobles signing their agreement to study, pleased us the most. We wish more had been made of that entertaining personage and prime favourite of ours, Lance.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MAJOR-GENERAL HIGGINS

(Of 173, Toolay Street, Borough—N.B. An Apprentice wanted) TO HIS REGIMENT.

FLY, my brave Britons,—fly, fly!

Why lazily linger and stay?

Your duty forbids ye to die,—

'Tis your country that calls ye—away!

What, men! would you stop—would you stoop—

To fight—when it is not your fancy—

Those mounseers, who live on frog-soup,

And talk about "parly-voo-francy?"

Such rogues I have ne'er come a-near—

It's enough to put Job in a pet!—

This is no place for us, gemmen, here,

With such an uncommon low set!

What can the French fellows be at?

They're putting their guns to their eye!

Bobs! Britons! and shall we stand that?

No, never! then follow, and fly!

Let 'em eat all the frogs that they may,

The English will soon beat 'em hollow;

For see, as we're marching away,

How we've forced the poor creatures to follow!

See, see! what a smoking they make

Whenever they shoot for our ruin!

Dirty cowards! it's all for the sake

That we may not see what they're doing!

Bobs! I han't seen that cannon before,

They'll blow us to bits with "that ere,"—

No, patience! I won't fight no more

If those shabby dogs don't play fair!

Do you say we should charge, just to show

That we can if we choose?—horrid stuff!

Our good London customers know

We know how to charge well enough.

Let them dawdle here that think fit,

Or feel any wish to be slain;

But would you those Frenchies permit

To "cut" you, and then "come again?"

Then fly, my brave Britons,—fly, fly!

Why foolishly linger and stay?

It's quite time enough, sirs, to die

When you know that you can't run away!

SIMKINS SIMKINS.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

REMARKABLE PRECOCITY OF TALENT.

Sigmund Baron Von Prauni.

THIS youth, who is distinguished for his early and very extraordinary proficiency in the arts and sciences, was born at Tynau, in Hungary, on the first of June, 1811, where his father resided, as colonel in the Austrian service. In his second year he was able not only to read with fluency, but to give a connected sketch of the history of the world. On the 11th of

Nov. 1813, (being then twenty-nine months old), he was admitted into the second class of the Gymnasium at that place; and at the examination on the 26th August, 1814, he received the first prize for German reading and writing, the Hungarian language, the catechism and drawing, in preference to seventy scholars, who were much older than himself. At the public examination, on the 17th March, 1815, (being three years and nine months old), he received the same honours for the Latin and arithmetic. But the most extraordinary was his astonishing proficiency in music. In his third year he had made himself perfectly master of the violin; and at the last-mentioned examination he performed on this most difficult instrument a composition by Pleyel, with universal applause; a year after, he gave his second concert before Prince Schwartzburg and the principal Hungarian nobility; and from this moment the fame of this prodigy spread itself over Europe. In the summer of 1816 he gave several concerts at Vienna, and presented a great part of his receipts to the Invalid Fund, for which the Emperor honoured him with the order of civil merit. In 1817, the commencement of his sixth year, he began his professional tour, passed through Italy in a kind of triumph, and received from the Duchess of Parma the order of Constantine, from the Pope the golden spurs and the order of St. John Lateran, was created Palsgrave, and rewarded with a golden medal and a very flattering diploma by the Roman Academy, before which he had exhibited with much éclat his proficiency in the sciences. In his thirteenth year he completed his legal studies, and received eighteen royal honorary diplomas from Italy, Austria, France, and the Netherlands. He had scarcely attained his fifteenth year, when he had already acquired the reputation of one of the first violin-players, and was the author of several works, among which a beautiful manuscript in seven languages excited great attention. His high reputation increased with his subsequent tours through Italy, Austria, Holland, France, and Germany, of which a longer detail would be superfluous here, as the accounts published in the journals of the countries which he visited, cannot be forgotten by the public. He is at present at Nuremberg, and will next visit Berlin.—*German Journals*.

A JOURNAL entirely devoted to musical intelligence, and in particular to the opera, is published at Milan, under the title of *I Teatri, Giornale drammatico, musicale, coreografico*. In a late Number of this journal there is, under the head of Florence, an article relative to the musical compositions of our ambassador at that court, in which it is said, that, "For the performance of Lord Burghersh's opera, *Il Torneo*, which was suspended during the carnival, there have been substituted evening parties and balls of the most splendid description, in which the high rank of the company, the elegance of the decorations, and the superb style of the entertainments, were equally conspicuous.

"With regard to the able work of Lord Burghersh, the distribution of the parts and the score afford unquestionable proofs of the taste, judgment, and musical skill of the illustrious composer. The greatest encomiums have been justly bestowed on the introduction and the choruses. The latter were admirably sustained by thirty distinguished individuals of both sexes. The principal characters of the opera were performed by Signora Williams, Signora Festa, and the Signor Franceschini, all of

whom had excellent opportunities afforded them for displaying the qualities of their voices and knowledge of music." To this Florence paragraph, the editor of the Milan journal (Dr. Giulio Ferrario,) adds the following note:—"It is not only in the opera of *Il Torno*, that Lord Burghersh has shewn that he possesses eminent musical talent. Many of his compositions which are printed and published, prove that the praises bestowed on this Mecenas of the fine arts, are not in the slightest degree the offspring of adulation."

AN IRISH INNKEEPER: A RECENT SKETCH.

English Gentleman. Holla—House.

Landlord. I don't know any one of that name hereabouts.

Gent. Are you the master of this inn?

Land. Yes, sir, please your honour—when my wife's from home.

Gent. Have you a bill of fare?

Land. Yes, sir, surely—the fair of Kildorery is next week, and Ballyspugmolane the week after.

Gent. Tut—how are your beds?

Land. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Gent. Is your cellar good?

Land. Oh, never fear that, sir—I only want the buyers to make me the seller.

Gent. Is your port fine?

Land. Never a finer port in the three kingdoms, sir, than Cork harbour—and sure I'm quite convenient to it.

Gent. Have you any mountain?

Land. Yes, sir, plenty—the whole country is full of mountains.

Gent. Have you any porter?

Land. Have I, is it?—I'll engage Pat is an excellent porter; he'll make out any place at all.

Gent. But I mean porter to drink.

Land. Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean—not a doubt of that.

Gent. Have you any fish?

Land. They call myself an odd fish.

Gent. I think so. I hope you're no shark?

Land. No, sir, indeed—I'm not a lawyer.

Gent. Have you any sole?

Land. For your boots and shoes, sir.

Gent. Psha!—have you any plaice?

Land. I have not, sir; but I was promised one, if I'd only vote the way I did not at the last election.

Gent. Have you any wild-fowl?

Land. They're tame enough now, for that matter—for they have been killed these ten days.

Gent. I must see myself.

Land. And welcome, sir—I'll fetch you a looking-glass in a minute.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE fourth Philharmonic Concert, though not quite so brilliant as the first and third, afforded, nevertheless, ample amusement; and if not entitled to particular praise, precludes at least severity of censure. The opening piece was again a *sinfonia* of Beethoven's, the one in A, or his seventh. The *andante*, which, as on former occasions, was loudly encored, and the *scherzo*, are the pillars on which the reputation of this composition rests; the first and last movement could not have preserved it from falling. We wish to say nothing against Rossini's duetto, "All' idea di quel metallo," from the *Barbieri*, except that Donzelli and De Bagnis did not appear to be well matched, the former having too little of a *buffo* either for De Bagnis or the song. Then followed, as

per bill, "Concerto Corno, Signor Puzzi," by Belloli; and no great grief would have been felt if it had not followed, there being certainly not more than a dozen or so of the subscribers who care at all for concertos on the horn, even if played by a Puzzi. Concerted pieces, but not concertos, are the things that please in these rooms. After Mlle. Blais' *Scena*, "Salvo alfin," by Pacini, sung in her well-known style again, a new overture of Spohr's, "Pietro von Albano," was performed, but with no greater effect than his others. The second act commenced with Mozart's *sinfonia* in C, commonly called the *Jupiter*. The last movement, a most beautiful but also extremely difficult fugue, was taken a great deal too fast; and only an orchestra like this could go through it in that time without confusion. "Il mio tesoro," that delightful air from Don Giovanni, Signor Donzelli seemed to find much more to his taste than Rossini's "All' idea di quel metallo;" and so did the audience, as they made him sing it over a second time. His voice, which appears to want nothing but flexibility for greater execution, is as magnificent in the concert-room as on the stage. A quartetto of Beethoven's, by Messrs. Spagnoletti, Watts, Moralt, and Lindley; a *terzetto*, "Quel sembiante," from Rossini; "L'inganno Felice," by Mlle. Blais, Donzelli, and De Bagnis; and lastly, Cherubini's overture to *Lodoiska*, fell short very little, if at all, of any preceding performance, and abundantly contributed their share to the pleasure of the evening. Mr. Weischel led, and Mr. Attwood conducted.

ORATORIOS.

Wednesday night, *Drury Lane Theatre*.—With the exception of a *début* or two, the oratorios of the week may be said to be—the same to the same. A Mrs. Evans, a pupil of that inestimable master, *Crevett*, as also a Miss Lloyd, the announced *début* of a Mr. Harris, made their first appearance in public.

Always unwilling to pronounce upon a "first appearance," we think it right to premise, that the *débutantes* were brought out so late in the performance of the night, that they laboured under no little disadvantage. An oratorio, at best, is always monotonous;—unlike an opera, it possesses none of the adventitious auxiliaries of scenic illusion or dramatic incident, to dissipate that intolerable *ennui* with which the most musical auditor is invariably afflicted long before the *entertainment* is half at an end. As for ourselves, we constantly suffer from repletion; and, notwithstanding the many violent shocks and desperate *shakes* with which we are sometimes wont to be assailed, we, nevertheless, drop back in our box, ready to die of the fatiguing pleasure. But, to return to our fair *débutantes*.—Mrs. Evans was the earliest to attract our attention. Her first duet with Braham, "Fair Aurora, prithee, stay," was admirably given, and elicited much applause from the boxes. Mrs. E.'s voice is soprano, of considerable power both as to flexibility and compass. She appears to be one of those very few vocalists, sometimes to be found, who cannot by possibility sing out of tune. Let her but study her art, for she has yet a good deal to learn in the "colouring of tones," and we hesitate not to predict she will become a successful singer, though, on this occasion, perhaps, she did not make the great hit expected by her friends. Of the other lady we cannot altogether say as much; her voice, we fear, is some-

* This admirable professor, we are glad to find, has been invited to return to the Royal Academy of Music.

what too feeble to be effective. Like Mrs. Evans, however, she sung perfectly in tune. We must not omit to mention the extraordinary performance of Master Artot on the violin. This young artist almost makes himself a second *Kieswetter*; he has much of the manner of that late eminent musician. In some things, particularly in touching the "harmonics" in tune, he excels any performer that we have ever yet heard. A Mr. Schmidt evinced extraordinary power of execution on the trombone; but, like all other *tumbling* of that description, the performance was more wonderful than pleasing. We think Blais completely eclipsed Camporese: the latter lady is beginning to sing too loud, and has lost much of her wonted truth of intonation and facility in the execution of difficult passages. In conclusion, we have to advise Miss Byfield to pay more attention to the better taste of the boxes, and to worship less the "gods in the gallery."

A CAPITAL bill of fare has been put into our hands for Mr. Jolley's Annual Concert next Monday evening, at Freemasons' Hall. Some famous glees by our best singers promise to diversify the pleasures of the entertainment in an eminent degree; and we have no doubt there will be a bumper hall.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday a crowded house attended *La Gazza Ladra*, and experienced one of the greatest treats which the Italian Opera could afford. Blais in *Ninetta* eclipsed herself, and far exceeded all our expectations both in singing and acting. The latter, indeed, was most admirable, and the last scene as fine a piece of nature as we ever witnessed on any stage—equal, in its kind, we really think, to the *Medea* of Pasta. She was loudly cheered and called for when the curtain dropt. Zucchi in *Fernando* appeared to be a little hoarse; but in every other respect as delightful as ever. A new tenor, of the name of Bordogni, played *Giannetta*. His voice seems to be weak for so large a theatre, and about the quality of *Tori's*; but he is a charming and very superior singer, of exquisite taste, and his person is good. Pellegrini was the *Podesta*, and Mlle. Bartolozzi *Pippo*,—of which part, except the shape of the limbs, the less that is said the better.

MISS PHILLIPS's performance of *Belvidera* is the only novelty of the week, and one on which we decline to expatiate, as we should only repeat what we have already said a thousand-and-one times respecting this young lady. Stony-hearted critics as we are, we cannot resist the soft blue eyes, the rich voice, and the gentle manners of this fair young creature; and with true pleasure shall we seize the first, the slightest, opportunity she affords us of honestly announcing a progressive step in her arduous career: but till then, we shall restrict ourselves to silent observation; and while we abstain from writing one word that may wound or discourage, we shall, with equal care, avoid swelling the number of those injudicious friends whose extravagant panegyrics are more mischievous than all the abuse ever showered upon true merit by the unprincipled portion of the British press. Mr. Young's *Pierre* has been long and justly acknowledged to be one of his best efforts. The tragedy went off with considerable applause, and was announced for repetition on Easter Monday. For that

momentous period, too, the rival establishments are straining the sinews of honourable war. At Drury Lane, a fairy tale, illustrative of the most popular superstitions of the South of Ireland—a compound of fun and faery, music, dancing, and pageantry—has been prepared by Mr. Planché, and will be produced by Mr. Barrymore. Worlds under the water are rapidly creating by the magic pencil of Stanfield; and Lephreances, Clurricanes, and Pookas, are, as the market-gardeners say, “in a forward state for the season.” At Covent Garden, horrors are the order of the day; dungeons and chains—gray gentlemen and shadowless heroes—devilry and witchcraft enough to wake King James I. from his “coffined sleep,” and furnish another Glanville with matter for a new dissertation—are the ingredients of the cauldron now rigorously stirred by Messrs. Farley and Ball, who do go “about, about, about,” for the benefit of the holiday makers. May success attend both! Indeed, so much expense is annually lavished upon such spectacles for the entertainment of the public, who positively exact these formidable “Easter offerings” from the managers, that they are bound in common honesty to be pleased with them—whatever may be the demerits of the gingerbread on which the gold is so thickly plastered.

MR. KEAN has been performing with considerable success at Cork. An Irish paper (the *Constitution*) states, in what appears to us rather a carelessly written paragraph, that “his recovered health and strength fortunately enabled him to appear with his wonted advantage. The house, every night he appears, is filled with fashion and beauty. Mr. Kean appears in *Othello* to-night: already, the anxiety to secure places is very great. He will, it is said, only appear three or four nights more.”

VELLUTI.—Among the recent musical arrivals from the Continent, we observe the celebrated Velluti, who appears to be in high health: we have not heard that he has any theatrical engagement.

VARIETIES.

Silk-worms.—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a favourable report was given of the work of M. Bonnafous, who has made some experiments upon the leaves of the wild and grafted mulberry-tree, and has found them to be of great service in feeding silk-worms.

Sir Humphrey Davy.—We see the death of Sir H. Davy announced (officially) at a meeting of the French Institute; but have the satisfaction to state, that later intelligence has reached us from his brother, Dr. Davy, (who is with him at Rome,) and who not only mentions his being still in the land of the living, but adds that his health is improving so much as to afford fair hopes of his recovery.

Dr. Farquhar.—We regret to hear that this other distinguished literary and scientific character is severely indisposed.

Egypt.—A Mr. Robert Hay, of Linplum, who has already spent a considerable time in Egypt, expresses a strong desire to return thither, in order to pursue the excavations about the magnificent temple of Abseemal, or Ab'oo Simbal. To effect this object he has written circular letters to various scientific bodies, &c. for subscription to the amount of 700*l.* (himself furnishing 50*l.*); in return for which, he offers to each subscriber a report of his operations and two large lithographic drawings of the temple.

Natural History.—A very favourable report has been made to the French Academy by M. Cuvier, on the collections of natural history brought to Europe from the East Indies by the officers of the French sloop of war, *La Chevrete*. They have been made in places little known. With the exception of Pondicherry and Bourbon, the parts of India visited by *La Chevrete* have been seldom explored by navigators, and no scientific expedition has heretofore examined them. Among the specimens submitted to the Academy are many new species.

Earthquake.—On the 21st of March an earthquake, consisting of three several shocks, took place about six o'clock in the evening, and continued on the 22d, producing very afflicting consequences throughout Murcia. The tower of Orihuela, the towns of Torreveja, Almoradi, San Fulgencio, Guardamar, and Benazuar, have been wholly or partially destroyed, and several hundred persons perished.

Pegwell Cliff.—A sort of avalanche having taken place at Pegwell, where many thousands of the cliff have fallen into the sea, it is mentioned, that not only pyrites, but considerable masses of gold have been found among the debris.

A meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society was held on Monday week, the Rev. Professor Cumming, V.P., being in the chair. A memoir was read by J. Challis, Esq., of Trinity College, “On the vibrations of an elastic fluid;” in which the author maintained that the discontinuous functions introduced into the investigations on this subject by Lagrange were inconsistent with the analogies of mathematical reasoning, and unnecessary for the solution of the problem. A paper by J. W. Lubbock, Esq., of Trinity College, was also read, “On the comparative probabilities of life, as obtained from the recorded observations of London, Northampton, Carlisle, Chester, France, Paris, Montpellier, Holland, Amsterdam, Brussels, Breslau; and on various other points in the calculation of such probabilities, and of annuities depending upon them.” After the meeting, Professor Henslow gave an account, illustrated by coloured drawings, of the organisation and classification of ferns.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

Natural Phenomenon.—In the Memoirs of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg it is stated that in the district of Gori, in Russia, at the foot of the Oasetin mountains, there is a hill, on the stony surface of which the humidity that exudes from the rock, in summer and in fine weather, is converted into ice of a thickness proportionate to the heat of the sun! This ice disappears in the night, or during cloudy weather, so completely, that the rock is scarcely damp. The water obtained from this ice when melted, appears upon analysis to contain only a very small quantity of lime, and not any other foreign matter.

Infantile Courage and Generosity.—Two bulls, of equal bravery, although by no means equally matched in size and strength, happening to meet near the front of a laird's house, in the Highlands of Scotland, began a fierce battle, the noise of which soon drew to one of the windows the lady of the mansion. To her infinite terror, she beheld her only son, a boy between five and six years of age, belabouring with a stiff cudgel the stouter of the belligerents. “Dugald! Dugald! what are you about?” exclaimed the affrighted mother. “Helping the little bull,” was the gallant young hero's reply.

* *Quare—belligerents?—Frischer's Devil.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among several trophies which the Russians gained in Persia during the last war, there is a very valuable literary treasure, the Library of Arbeldi, the city where the Persian kings are crowned. This acquisition was made by Count Suchtelen, at the taking of Arbeldi. The library was founded in 1013 of the Hegira; the then reigning King Abbas I. having deposited the manuscripts collected by him in a mosque; and it is now being conveyed, at the command of the emperor, to Petersburg, under a military escort.—*Leipzig Literatur Zeitung*.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—The New Bath Guide, by the late Mr. Anstey, has passed through several editions, perhaps twenty; and a new one is now printing by the skilful typographer of your paper, with etchings by Cruikshank. Having devoted much time and care in preparing some elucidatory Notes, and a Biographical, Topographical, and Descriptive Preface to this edition, I should be pleased to give some account of the first impression, which, I believe, was printed in 4to, at Trumpington, adjoining Cambridge, in 1766 or 1767. I should also be glad to ascertain the number of editions that have gone through the press. It contains some local allusions to persons and events which must have been readily recognised at the time, but which are now become obsolete for want of a key. Perhaps some of your numerous readers may remember Bath at that time, its parties, the customs of the place, &c.; and may be able to furnish elucidatory hints on these points. Prior Park and Bath-Easton Villa were about these places of great attraction and resort to the wits and literati. Fielding, Smollett, Pope, Warburton, Sheridan, Gray, Fratt, &c., with the noted Beau Nash, were among the mental stars of the western hemisphere.

Who was the author of Simkin's Letters? written during the trial of Warren Hastings. J. BAYTON.

The first No. of an Irish Catholic Magazine, with the motto, “Happy homes and altars free,” has been published in Cork. It contains, among other papers, an able article on the State of Knowledge in Ireland, and an agreeable essay on Irish Legends and Romances, in which Mr. Lockhart is more than once complimented on his translation of the Spanish Ballads.

The library of Mr. Jefferson, the ex-President, has been selling, says our Correspondent at Washington (March 8), for these some days past.

Literary Bequest.—We observe from the Cambridge Chronicle, that the University is about to receive 5,000*l.*, left to it by the late Rev. J. Manistie, Fellow of King's College, to purchase books for the public library.

A. J. Kempe, Esq. has edited and just ready for publication, a collection of interesting Ancient Manuscripts of the Sixteenth and early part of the Seventeenth Centuries, pertaining to the family of Losely, in Surrey, which succeeded to the seat of the More family. The Gentleman's Magazine describes these treasures as being replete with historical matters, and throwing great light on the manners of the times.

In the *Subaltern's* forthcoming volume of Tales of a Chelsea Pensioner, we are informed there are six Tales: the Gentle Recruit, a Day on the Neutral Ground, Santa-toga, Marda, a Pyrenean Adventure, and the Rivals; we look for the publication very shortly.

Mr. Oliver has nearly ready for publication the History and Antiquities of Beverley.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Heber's Sermons preached in India, 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Natural History of Enthusiasm, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Wright on Friend Societies, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—African Mores; or, Tales of the Table, fcp. 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Edmondson's Short Sermons, Vol. II. 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Chapters on the Physical Sciences, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Leigh's Road Book of Scotland, 16mo. 8*s.* sheep.—Marriott's (Hervey) Fourth Course of Sermons, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Philosophy of History, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Parker on Practice of King's Bench and Common Pleas, 12mo. 8*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 2	From 24. to 46.	29.20 to 29.50
Friday... 3	— 27. — 47.	29.55 — 29.64
Saturday... 4	— 32. — 54.	29.65 — 29.60
Sunday... 5	— 39. — 53.	29.36 — 29.23
Monday... 6	— 40. — 53.	29.16 — 29.12
Tuesday... 7	— 35. — 49.	29.13 — 29.25
Wednesday 8	— 29. — 49.	29.36 — Stat.

Prevailing wind S.W.
Except the 2d and 4th, generally cloudy and raining; snow sufficient to cover the ground on the morning of the 2d; a loud clap of thunder in the west on the 7th.

Rain fallen, .575 of an inch.

Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

London Bills of Mortality.—We perfectly coincide with our intelligent correspondents (L.), that nothing can be more careless and disgraceful than the manner in which our Bills of Mortality are kept. We rather think that such bills are printed at Glasgow, as well as at Northampton, and that the machinery at the former city has been greatly improved. Still it is strange, that, with all our boasting of our advances in science, we are behind every civilized nation in Europe in this important respect, and in the knowledge of our actual population.

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